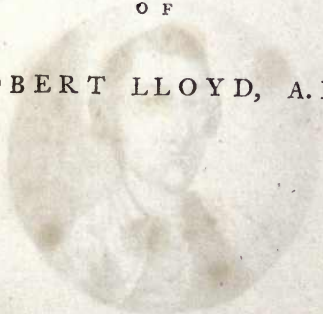


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THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
ROBERT LLOYD, A.M.





THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
ROBERT LLOYD, A.M.

To which is prefixed an Account of the
LIFE AND WRITINGS OF THE AUTHOR.

BY W. KENRICK, LL.D.
IN TWO VOLUMES.
VOL. I.



L O N D O N:
PRINTED FOR T. EVANS IN THE STRAND.
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THE
POETICAL WORKS

OF
HOMER

THE AND WRITING

BY W. L. GAY

LONDON

1801



LONDON

PRINTED BY T. LEVANS IN THE STRAND

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P R E F A C E.

THE History of Letters affords not a more striking instance of that caprice, by which the public are frequently actuated in regard to their encouragement of men of genius, than the neglect, which the poetical productions of the late Mr. Robert Lloyd have met with, from the time of his decease.

The circumstance of seeing the remaining copies of his subscription poems, in Quarto, lately disposed of at an inconsiderable value, could not fail to excite in a spectator, possessed of any portion of taste, a kind of indignation at the grossness of popular inattention to such distinguished merit. The indignation thus casually roused, could as little fail to be increased by the remarkable applause, at the same time, lavishly bestowed on very inferior writers.

On reflecting, however, that the works of this desultory genius, diffeminated through a variety of miscellaneous publications, had not the advantage of any peculiar proprietor, whose inclination and interest might lead him to present them in a convenient form to the public, I was led to retract the suspicion, my temerity had suggested, of the public taste.

As the best atonement for such temerity, I imposed on myself the task of collecting his scattered performances, and of committing a correct edition of them to the press. In the execution of this design arose many difficulties. It was not easy to determine the genuine productions of so various and unequal a writer; nor, when that was decided, to determine whether the author's reputation did not require them rather to be suppressed than published.

The

The discredit which posthumous publications have done their deceased authors, hath reflected no honour, particularly of late, to their officious editors. I wished, therefore, to make a much more sparing and select collection than that which is now submitted to the reader. It might have done more credit to the Editor's taste and the Author's Genius: but, on considering the fluctuating state of literary property, and the propensity of typographical adventurers to take advantage of literary reputation, it was judged expedient, in order to give a complete collection of Mr. Lloyd's poems, to insert some pieces avowed and publickly known to be genuine, though in point of composition and correctness unworthy the writer's pen.

There is merit enough in his more finished pieces to compensate for all the defects the severer critick may find in others; as even the most unfinished are replete with

distinguishing marks of genius, and never fail to display that easy flow and happy turn of versification for which the author was so generally and justly admired.

The characters and circumstances he occasionally introduces are so public or recent, that I have purposely foreborn to intrude unnecessary, and therefore impertinent, annotations : satisfied in the reflection that in faithfully performing the office of a mere Editor, I pay some part of the tribute due to the memory of an excellent poet, and lay every reader of true taste under some obligation for the pleasure he must derive from the perusal of our author's truly poetical productions.

W. K E N R I C K.

S O M E

SOME ACCOUNT OF THE
LIFE AND WRITINGS
OF THE
AUTHOR.

“HE that writes the life of another,” says the IDLER, “is either his friend or his enemy, and wishes either to exalt his praise or aggravate his disgrace.” This is a strange assertion, and would be much stranger if it were true. There is neither a moral nor physical necessity that Indifference, with respect to persons, and Impartiality, with regard to facts, may not sometimes take place in the breast of the biographer. If this ever was the case, I will venture to say it is so with the present writer; who was too distant an acquaintance of Mr. Lloyd’s to be called his friend, though not so distant from being his friend, as to be his enemy.

It is a juster observation of the same author, that the sedentary life of the student so widely differs from the active life of the man of business, that the history of the former seldom affords the reader the like instruction or amusement.

Unhappily for Mr. Lloyd, though never engaged in the active scenes of business, to afford a diversified tale of entertaining adventures, his life was not so uniform as to be wholly unchequered with change of circumstance, or destitute of that diversity of incident, which may afford the most instructive and useful lesson to men of letters and ingenuity; particularly to those who devote themselves to the Muses.

Mr. Robert Lloyd was the son of the reverend Dr. Lloyd, second master of Westminster-school; by whom he was so early initiated in the classics, that his fertile genius soon became pregnant with the stores
of

of Greek and Roman literature. Thus qualified, he repaired, at a proper age, from Westminster to Oxford ; where he pursued his studies, and made such an occasional display of his genius, as to reflect no little credit on his tutorage, if not some honour on the University ; which in due time conferred on him the degree of Master of Arts.

From Oxford Mr. Lloyd returned to Westminster-school ; in which he for some time assisted his father, as an usher in that learned seminary. With this situation, the duties of which he was particularly well qualified to discharge, he appears, nevertheless, to have been highly dissatisfied.

—Were I at once impower'd to shew
My utmost vengeance on my foe,
To punish with extremest rigour,
I could inflict no penance bigger
Than using him as learning's tool,
To make him Usher of a school.—

For me, it hurts me to the soul
 To brook confinement or controul,
 Still to be pinion'd down to teach
 The syntax and the parts of speech;
 Or, what perhaps is drudging worse,
 The links, and joints, and rules of verse;
 To deal out authors by retale
 Like penny pots of Oxford ale;
 — Oh! 'tis a service irksome more
 Than tugging at the slavish oar!

If our author's motive for relinquishing
 this irksome station were really what he as-
 signs, in the subsequent lines, his desire of
 farther improving his own mind instead of
 vainly attempting the improvement of
 others,

Of working on a barren soil,
 And lab'ring with incessant pains
 To cultivate a blockhead's brains;

If such, I say, were his motive, it was a
 laudable one!

For such *his* task, a dismal truth!
 Who watches o'er the bent of youth;

And

And while a paltry stipend earning,
 He sows the richest seeds of learning,
 And tills *their* minds with proper care,
 And sees them their due produce bear,
 No joys, alas ! his toil beguile,
 His *own* lies fallow all the while !

It is more than probable, however, that this impatience of restraint and disgust at scholastic confinement, were heightened by the author's intimacy with his fellow collegians, those excentric geniuses Messrs. Churchill, Thornton and Bensley ; whose congenial talents and disposition might serve to encourage each other in the pursuit of such youthful amusements, as insensibly betrayed them into a liberality of life and conversation, which the prudential part of the world perhaps too severely condemned.

For let a man of parts be wrong,
 'Tis triumph to the leaden throng.
 The fools shall cackle out reproof,
 The very asses shall raise his hoof ;

And

And he who holds in his possession,
 The single virtue of discretion,
 Who knows no overflow of spirit,
 Whose want of passions is his merit,
 Whom wit and taste and judgment flies,
 Shall shake his noddle and *seem* wise.

It is nevertheless a melancholy reflection, and sufficiently mortifying to men of parts and genius, that every one of his spirited companions fell, with himself, a sacrifice, in the prime of life, to the want of that discretion in themselves, which they so wittily ridiculed and as imprudently despised in others.

Dr. Swift observes, “ that there is no talent so useful towards rising in the world, or which puts men more out of the reach of fortune, than that quality generally possessed by the dullest sort of people, and is in common speech called *discretion*; a species of lower *prudence*, by the assistance of which, people of the meanest intellectuals, without

without any other qualifications, pass through the world in great tranquility, and with universal good treatment, neither giving nor taking offence."

The example of the indiscreet fraternity of geniuses above-mentioned, may serve to corroborate the truth of this observation, by affording a striking contrast to the behaviour exemplified by that shrewd observer of human life and manners, the sarcastic Dean.

In justice however to men of Genius, it may be observed, as a venerable Bishop of the Gallican Church once did to the volatile Voltaire, that the world is too much obliged to them for the pleasure and improvement resulting from their productions, not to forgive them many personal, though moral, imperfections.

Lord

Lord Orrery goes so far as gravely to exculpate the immorality of men of uncommon parts, by philosophically accounting for their deviation from those common principles of action, which influence ordinary minds. But though genius, like charity, may be allowed to hide a multitude of sins, I cannot subscribe to his Lordship's system of exculpation.

The first performance which established Mr. Lloyd's reputation as a poet, and of course rendered him respectable in the literary world, was the *Actor*, addressed to his then intimate and liberal friend Mr. Thornton. This is one of his best productions; in which he passes very high encomiums both on Mr. Garrick and Mr. Thornton; displaying, as on many other occasions, a strong attachment and most friendly regard for both; which in the sequel was but ill-requited.

It

It is supposed that the reputation Mr. Lloyd acquired by this poem, first stimulated his friend Churchill to enter the lists of poetical fame, and write his celebrated *Rosciad*. The superior popularity of this piece gave our Author at first some little disgust; but, on the farther exertion of Mr. Churchill's abilities, the superiority in force of numbers and power of imagery, appearing so greatly on the side of his friend, Mr. Lloyd, with the modesty becoming real genius, and the complacency of a disposition untainted by envy, joined the rest of his admirers, in the unlimited applause bestowed on that eminent Poet.

The proof our author gave on this occasion, of his possessing a considerable portion of that most valuable scientific quality, so rarely to be met with, *self-knowledge*, is characteristically and happily struck off in the following lines.

For

For me who labour with poetic sin,
 Who often woo the muse I cannot win,
 Whom pleasure first a willing poet made,
 And folly spoilt by taking up the trade,
 Pleas'd I behold superior genius shine,
 Nor ting'd with envy wish that genius mine.
 To CHURCHILL's muse can bow with decent awe,
 Admire his mode, nor make that mode my law :
 Both may, perhaps, have various pow'rs to please ;
 Be his the STRENGTH of NUMBERS mine the EASE.

This ingenuous concession on the part of Mr. Lloyd, appears to have so far endeared him to Churchill, that, to use the expression of one of their common friends*, they were inseparable, one sentiment governing the minds, and one purse administering to the wants of both. The same writer describes Mr. Lloyd as of a tacit disposition, reserved and attentive ; he took much snuff, says he, and would often sit the auditor of conversation rather than the promoter.

* Capt. E. Thompson.

On the same authority, we are told, of an invitation which Mr. Lloyd received from a nobleman, celebrated in the republic of letters, requesting his company to dinner; as he was a great admirer of his reputed wit and genius: the invitation being accepted, Mr. Lloyd, to the great disappointment of the noble peer, uttered not a syllable during the whole entertainment.

I am the more tempted to doubt the truth of this Anecdote, as our author is declared by another writer, who ought to have known him well, that in conversation he was *very engaging**. My absence from

* John Wilkes, Esq.—Mr. Lloyd, says he, was mild and affable in private life, of gentle manners, and very engaging in conversation. He was an excellent scholar, and an easy, natural poet. His peculiar excellence was the dressing up an old thought in a new, neat and trim manner. He was contented to scamper round the foot of Parnassus on his little Welch pony, which seems never to have tired. He left the fury
of

England during the few years Mr. Lloyd made a figure in the republic of letters, suspended a personal acquaintance, commenced in very early life; and unrenewed till his disposition appeared to have been soured by misfortune and perhaps his genius somewhat debilitated by intemperance. I am therefore an improper judge of his talents for conversation; to which, however, if oratorical abilities be in any measure conducive, he did not seem to possess them in any eminent degree; our author being one of the worst reciters of his own writings that I ever remember to have heard. At the same time, what he wanted in power of declamation was amply supplied by tenaciousness of memory and facility of composition; the productions of no writer perhaps, ancient or modern, of the winged steed, and the daring heights of the sacred mountain, to the sublime genius of his friend Churchill.

dern,

dern, being more truly said to be written *currente calamo* than those of our Author.

So ready was his pen and retentive his mind that, when his devotion to the Muses has been interrupted by the orgies of Bacchus, and the suspended fable like that of Butler's tale, been broke off in the middle, he has pursued it from memory with the utmost composure, when the fever of the brain was over, and finished the composition as consistently as if the copy had been all the while before him.

His attachment to the pleasures of the table, particularly to those of the bottle, in which he was induced to indulge himself too freely for his constitution, was a topic of much censure and complaint against him, both with his real and his pretended friends, except indeed those who shared in the convivial sodality.

The foremost of these jovial companions, his celebrated friend Churchill, attempted, on the other hand to apologize for him, and even to justify the practice as well by precept as example. His gay and spirited Epistle, entitled *Night*, inscribed to our author, is a professed Apology, if not a formal justification of their nocturnal festivity*.

* The poem of *Night*, says an annotator, was written by Mr. Churchill in vindication of himself and Mr. Lloyd against the censures of some false, treacherous and hypocritical friends, who affected to pay the highest compliment to their genius, but appeared equally pleased and industrious in seizing every opportunity of condemning their conduct in private life. These *prudent* persons, whom neither love, pleasure, nor pity ever drew for a single moment out of their way, found a malicious pleasure in propagating the story of every unguarded hour, and in gratifying that rage after the little anecdotes of admired authors, upon which small wits subsist. Such a proceeding ought however in all fairness to be considered only as the low *gossiping* of the literary world. Scandal amuses the circle of the gay and polite in the
same

Let slaves to business, bodies without soul,
Important blanks in Nature's mighty roll,

same manner. 'The curiosity of the town was fed by these people from time to time, and every *dull lecturer* within the bills of mortality comforted himself that he did not keep such hours as Mr. Churchill and Mr. Lloyd.

The poet does not blush to own that he often passed the *night* after the manner of the first men of antiquity, who knew how to redeem the fleeting hours from *death's half-brother*, and fellow tyrant, *sleep*. They likewise lamented the shortness and uncertainty of human life. Such reflections however in them produced neither melancholy nor despair, but served to give a keener relish to their pleasures, and were perpetual * incitements not to let any portion of life pass unenjoyed. They were generally employed in

* *Vitæ summa brevis spem nos vetat incohare longam.*

Jam te premet nox, fabulæque manes
Et domus exilis Plutonia; quo simul mearis,
Nec regna vini fortiere talis, &c.

HORACE.

Soles occidere, et redire possunt;
Nobis, quom semel occidit brevis lux,
Nox est perpetua una dormienda.
Da mi basia mille, deinde centum, &c.

CATULLUS.

Solemnize nonsense in the day's broad glare,
We NIGHT prefer which heals or hides our care.

Rogues justified, and by success made bold,
Dull fools and coxcombs sanctified by Gold,
Freely may bask in Fortune's partial ray,
And spread their feathers op'ning to the day ;
But thread-bare Merit dares not shew the head
'Till vain Prosperity retires to bed.
Misfortunes, like the Owl, avoid the light ;
The sons of CARE are always sons of NIGHT.

The poetical merit of these lines must not
be suffered to vouch for their truth ; unless

celebrating the mysteries of that deity, who delights in the friendly gloom of *night*, or the rights of the genius of friendship, when he does not languish under the impertinence of the *day's* insipid visitors. The two English poets were worthy of the converse of the most genial wits of Rome and Greece. They may perhaps have been censured by some wondrous grave moderns, cold-blooded critics, void of all fire and fancy, but in a more classic age their happy sallies would not have ill become the *Noctes Atticæ*.

we doubt the conclusion of the famous Bacchanalian ode, so vociferously and joyously chaunted in the same nocturnal revels.

What have we with *day* to do?
Sons of *Care*, 'twas made for *you*.

The truth seems to be that, however eagerly these sons of Anacreon might enter on the career of these jovial amusements, they continued their race, out of pique at the worldly disrespect, which they had unadvisedly and perhaps unexpectedly incurred. This is pathetically insinuated in the following lines extracted from the same poem.

When foes insult and *prudent* friends dispense,
In pity's strains, the worst of insolence,
Oft with thee, Lloyd, I steal an hour from grief,
And in thy social converse find relief.
The mind, of solitude impatient grown,
Loves any sorrows rather than her own.

Then in Oblivion's grateful cup I drown
The galling sneer, the supercilious frown,

The strange reserve, the proud affected state
Of upstart knaves grown rich, and fools grown
great.

No more that abject wretch disturbs my rest,
Who meanly overlooks a friend distressed.
Purblind to Poverty the Worldling goes,
And scarce sees rags an inch beyond his nose;
But from a crowd can single out his grace,
And cringe and creep to fools who strut in lace.

Such is often the revenge of suicide genius.
By railing at others it thinks to excuse it-
self; imputing to ignorance or malevolence
the cause of that ruin in which, against its
own better knowledge, it is inevitably as
unpardonably involved*.

* It is however with some propriety Mr. Lloyd
laments the critical predicament of public writers,
particularly

Of such whose *temperance* will not pass
The due rotation of the glass;
Whom gravity denies the power
T' unpeg their hats at such an hour;

But

Mr. Lloyd having resigned the Usherhip of Westminster school, became an author by profession; and, notwithstanding his decided merit, experienced most of the vicissitudes of fortune, to which gentlemen of that precarious profession are liable. His sense of his situation under those circumstances, is frequently expressed in his occasional poems; particularly in the little piece entitled the *Temple of Favour*, addressed to the present Editor. It is on this occasion he apostrophises on the subject of making a trade of Genius,

But says he very reasonably

Can authors an exemption draw
From nature's or the common law?
They err alike with all mankind,
But not the same indulgence find.
Their lives are more conspicuous grown,
More talk'd of, pointed at, and shewn,
Till every *error* seems to rise
To SINS of most *gigantic* size!

O glorious trade, for wit's a trade,
 Where men are ruin'd more than made.
 Let crazy LEE, neglected GAY,
 The shabby OTWAY, DRYDEN grey,
 Those tuneful servants of the nine,
 (Not that I blend their names with mine)
 Repeat their lives, their works, their fame,
 And teach the world some useful shame!

It is so natural a transition for a man of wit to become a man of the town, and for the expences, necessary to support the latter character, to exceed the income of the former, that it is no wonder our author was induced to engage in publications that promised to produce profit rather than praise. Among these was the *St. James's Magazine*; from which many of the pieces contained in the following collection are extracted. The necessary haste, with which most of them were expedited to the press, will induce the considerate reader rather to wonder they are so correct, than that they are not much less so.

This

This work not meeting with that success, which from its merit might be reasonably expected, our Author found himself unable to discharge some obligations of a pecuniary nature; which he had improvidently laid himself under on the flattering prospect of such success.

The consequence of this disappointment was the exertion of that barbarous power, which the absurd custom of this country has given to the creditor over the person of his debtor, by permitting the imprisonment of the latter till the former be fully satisfied. Mr. Lloyd was of course confined within the walls of the Fleet; even Mr. Thornton, though his bosom friend from their infancy, refusing to be his security for the liberty of the Rules; a circumstance, which, giving rise to some ill-natured altercation, induced this *quondam* friend to become an inveterate enemy, in the quality of his most inexorable creditor.

It

It has been said, on this occasion, that “ while this unhappy but most excellent poet was under such restrictions, the Fleet became the seat of the Muses; and all the men of wit and genius in the age repaired to this gloomy temple. Such company dispelled the very idea of confinement, and gave his apartments the air of the court of Apollo.”

Certain it was that Mr. Lloyd was visited in his confinement by a number of those who had, or would be thought to have pretensions to wit; but it was a just distinction he himself made between his numerous acquaintance, and those few, very few friends, by whom he was not wholly abandoned to misfortune*.

* Among these, perhaps, none merit particular attention but his staunch and generous friends Mr. Wilkes and Mr. Churchill; the latter allowing him a regular stipend from the commencement of his confinement 'till his final release. Thornton, says he,

In this state of dereliction and depression it is no wonder he was subject to a despondency, from which chearful conversation and the exhilarating glass afforded only a temporary relief. His support, under the *tedium vitæ* that assailed him in such disagreeable circumstances, he drew from very different resources, the generosity of his friend Churchill and the avarice of the booksellers. In conjunction with Mr. Charles Denis he at this time undertook a translation of the *Contes Moraux* of Marmontel †: a hasty performance that did them

he, (in one of his Letters to the former, after the death of Churchill) is *what you thought* him. I have many acquaintance, but *now* no friend here. Mr. Wilkes was then in France; Messrs. Garrick, Colman and Hogarth, whom our author had so berhymed and bepraised, were in England.

† A translation of the death of Adam, from the German of Klopstock, was also published in the name of Mr. Lloyd; who was not, however, sufficiently acquainted with that language to do justice either to the Original or himself.

little

little credit, and would have done them still less, had not a second attempt by Mr. Colman to translate that elegant author at greater leisure, proved almost equally abortive. Correctness was the utmost that could be expected from a Colman; which, had he been sufficiently versed in the idiom of the French language, he might possibly have attained: but cold correctness could not give us a Marmontel; whose warmth of description, justness of thought, and elegance of expression require similar abilities in his translator.

Mr. Lloyd also during his confinement wrote a ballad opera, entitled the *Capricious Lovers*, taken from a favourite piece of another French author. It was acted at Drury Lane Theatre with some applause; but not with so much as it merited; although our author's genius does not appear to have led him strongly to dramatic composition.

It

It was observable that, with Mr. Thornton, almost all the friends and companions of our author's youth, turned their backs on him, especially those on whom he had lavished many encomiums in his own writings, and whom he had occasionally assisted in the composition or correction of theirs; a striking proof of the instability of school-boy friendships and college connections! It is with much humour he rallies the meretricious species of reciprocal attachment among brother authors, in his epistle, entitled the Poet.

While your good word, or conversation,
 Can lend a brother reputation,
 While verse or preface quaintly penn'd,
 Can raise the consequence of friend,
 How visible the kind affection!
 How close the partial fond connection!
 Then *He* is quick and *I'm* discerning,
 And *I* have wit and *He* has learning;
My judgment's strong, and *His* is chaste,
 And *Both*—ay *Both* are MEN of TASTE!

The

The jealousy of rival wits he has, on the other hand, represented as capable of being excited by the slightest motives, and carried to the utmost length on the most trifling provocation.

Jealous of every puff of fame,
The idle whistling of a name,
The property of half a line,
Whether a comma's yours or mine,
Shall make a Bard, a Bard engage,
And shake the friendship of an age.

The sensibility of Mr. Lloyd appears to have been greatly hurt by the coldness and contempt, with which many of his brother wits and poetical friends behaved to him, in his adversity. Of this he feelingly complains, in his epistle to Mr. Woty; a poet indeed, but of a disposition so different from that of the *genus irritabile vatum* that it is with great propriety our author, while he forgivingly censures those, from whose gratitude he might have expected another
return,

return, pays a just compliment to the modest worth of his equally ingenious and ingenuous friend.

Genius self-center'd feels alone
That merit he esteems his own;
And cold, o'er jealous, and severe,
Hates, like a Turk, a brother near;
Malice steps in, good nature flies,
Folly prevails, and friendship dies:
Peace to all such, if peace can dwell
With those who bear about a hell,
Who blast all worth with envy's breath,
By their own feelings stung to death.
Give me the man whose open mind
Means social good to all mankind;
Who, when his friend, from fortune's round,
Is toppled headlong to the ground,
Can meet him with a warm embrace,
And wipe the tear from sorrow's face.
Who, less intent to shine than please,
Wears his own mirth with native ease;
In short, whose picture, painted true,
In ev'ry point resembles you.

The

The above lines, with many other extracts that might be made from his writings, serve to confirm the truth of the character given him by a cotemporary writer ; that he had a grateful heart, and shewed by his warm attachment to his friends, how extremely sensible he was of every kindness. It is a fact, that though the rigid moralist might have some reason to censure the irregularities of our author's life, they were of such a nature as betrayed no intentional mischief or malevolence of temper ; reflecting on him the character so well known under the denomination of *No one's enemy but his own*, rather than that of a friend only to himself and an enemy to others. If his grateful attachment to Mr. Churchill need any other proof than the fatal one of breaking his heart at his death, the following letters to their common friend Mr. Wilkes, the one written before and the other after Mr. Churchill's decease, sufficiently speak our author's apprehensions and sense of that melancholy event.

My

My dear Wilkes,

Y O U R letters have given me inexpressible uneasiness concerning my friend Charles; and your not giving me a direction, leaves me in still greater anxiety that this may not reach you, and I consequently hear nothing how he does. Indeed we are all much alarmed; for though the seeming spirits of your letter to me gave us hopes it might not be so bad with him, that which Jack has received, entirely quashes them. Pray let me hear from you the earliest opportunity. I hope I shall not be doubly unfortunate in the loss of my friends, and be reduced to the comfortless necessity of brooding over my own calamities in this ungrateful situation. Dear Wilkes, give me all the information you can, and what services I can do, I in duty owe to you both; command. I am, in the sincerest affection,

Yours ever,

R. LLOYD.

Dear Wilkes,

Tuesday, Nov. 20. Fleet.

I WILL spare your own feelings and mine by any reflections on our irreparable loss. You did not, I imagine, receive my letter directed for you at an uncertainty, at the post house, or if you did, you returned no answer, I suppose because you could give no comfort. I am pleased to find from Mr. Cotes, who communicated your letter to him this day to me, that you will be kind to the remains of our dear friend. What is in my power to execute, you will direct and command. And I could much wish, you would, as early as you can, bring your mind to write on such a subject—Do, if it is only for the sake of my consolation, who indeed most truly want it, write to me, and as the memory of Charles was dear to you, do not forget him, who is most unfortunate in the loss of the living and the dead friend.

I am

I am with the greatest sincerity of friendship and affection,

Yours ever,

R. LLOYD.

The news of Mr. Churchill's death being announced somewhat abruptly to our author, while he was sitting at dinner, he was seized with a sudden sickness, and saying " I shall follow poor Charles," took to his bed, from which he never rose again.

In his sickness he was attended by a favourite sister of his deceased friend, Miss Patty Churchill; of whom it is said that she possessed a considerable portion of the sense, spirit and genius of her brother. This young lady is reported to have been betrothed to Mr. Lloyd, and that so mournful was the effect, which the melancholy catastrophe of her lover and brother had on her susceptible mind, that she caught the contagion of grief, which preyed on her

spirits, and did not permit her long to survive them.

To expatiate farther on our author's merit, as a writer, would be needless ; as nothing can be more fully said of him than he hath occasionally said of himself, in reply to the censures of the Critics.

Hift! 'tis a CRITIC.—Yes—'tis he—
 What wou'd your graceless form with me?
 Is it t'upbraid me with the crime
 Of spinning unlaborious rhyme,
 Of stringing various thoughts together,
 In verse, or prose, or both, or neither?
 A vein, which tho' it must offend
 You *lofty* Sirs, who can't *descend*,
 To fame has often made its way
 From BUTLER, PRIOR, SWIFT and GAY.

In his classical allusions and happy imitations of the Greek and Latin poets, Mr. Lloyd perhaps bears away the palm from all other English poets. I do not mean to refer the reader for a proof of this to his
 translation

translation of Homer's Hymn ; which appears (as well as his imitation of Spencer) to be a very juvenile performance. The classical reader, however, cannot fail of being pleased with most of his Latin compositions, his translation of Mr. Gray's celebrated ode, and particularly, on making the comparison, with his English Imitation of Theocritus.

It is yet remarkable, that Mr. Lloyd, though so excellent a classical scholar, had not the least tincture of the pedant in his character ; none being more ready to turn pedants into ridicule ; particularly those affected pedagogues, who attempted to reduce the numbers of English verse to the scale of Greek and Roman feet. Our author was indeed one of those whom he describes under the title of real scholars.

Whose knowledge unaffected flows
And fits as easy as their cloathes ;

Who

Who care not tho' an *ac* or *sed*
 Misplac'd, endanger PRISCIAN's head;
 Nor think his wit a grain the worse,
 Who cannot frame a *Latin* verse,
 Or give a *Roman* proper word
 To things a Roman never heard.

It may be supposed that the loss of a writer of such eminence was, at least in verse, universally lamented. It was otherwise; his brother bards seemed as loth to celebrate his talents, as the world, in general, to acknowledge his virtues. I do not yet hear of any intention to erect a monument to his memory, or even of a poetical decoration for his tomb-stone. I shall supply their place, therefore, and take leave of the reader with the closing lines of a copy of verses, written on his death by his name-fake Mr. Evan Lloyd. They have some merit, though it does not appear that, in this case, the mantle of Elijah was bequeathed to his successor Elisha.

Peace to thy ashes, LLOYD, ill treated Bard !
 Hard was thy lot, sweet bird ! in this rude age,
 That coop'd thee up to whistle in a cage :
 Yet thou could'st even Freedom's self survive,
 And blythly sing, while CHURCHILL was alive ;
 But when your mate was snatch'd, you droop'd and died,
 Blest was the trial, for thy truth was tried.
 For ages hence your chaplet shall be green ;
 And, ages past, no withering leaf be seen ;
 Softly repose upon the Muse's breast,
 And Phœbus' self shall sing you to your rest.

Hence, I say, I say, ill-named Band!
 Mine, the last layer band, is the last band,
 I stop'd there up to mine in a rage;
 Yet the same I say, I say, I say,
 I say, I say, I say, I say, I say,
 But when I came to the last band,
 It was the trial, for the last band,
 For ages hence your children will say,
 And, ages past, no wonder that you say,
 Soberly repose upon the Mine's last band,
 And Rhoda, last shall I say to you.

P O E M S.

THE AUTHOR'S APOLOGY.

MY Works are advertis'd for sale;
And censures fly as thick as hail;
While my poor scheme of publication
Supplies the dearth of conversation.

What will the *World* say?—That's your cry.
Who is the *World*? and what am I?

Once, but thank heaven, those days are o'er,
And persecution reigns no more,
One man, *one* hardy man alone,
Usurp'd the critic's vacant throne,
And thence with neither taste nor wit,
By powerful catcall from the pit,
Knock'd farce, and play, and actor down.
Who pass'd the sentence then?—the Town.
So now each upstart puny elf
Talks of the *world*, and means *himself*.

Yet in the circle there are those
 Who hurt e'en more than open foes :
 Whose friendship serves the talking turn,
 Just simmers to a kind concern,
 And with a wond'rous soft expression
 Expatiates upon indiscretion ;
 Flies from the Poems to the Man,
 And gratifies the favourite plan
 To pull down other's reputation,
 And build their own on that foundation.

The scholar grave, of taste discerning,
 Who lives on credit for his learning,
 And has no better claim to wit
 Than carping at what others writ,
 With pitying kindness, friendly fear,
 Whispers conjectures in your ear.

“ I'm sorry—and he's much to blame—
 “ He might have publish'd—but his name !
 “ The thing might please a few, no doubt,
 “ As handed privately about—
 “ It might amuse a friend or two,
 “ Some partial friend like me and you ;
 “ But when it comes to press and print
 “ You'll find, I fear, but little in't.

He

" He stands upon a dangerous brink
 " Who totters o'er the sea of ink,
 " Where reputation runs aground,
 " The author cast away, and drown'd.

" And then — 'twas wilful and absurd,
 " (So well approv'd, so well preferr'd,)
 " Abruptly thus a place to quit
 " A place which most his genius hit,
 " The theatre for Latin wit!
 " With critics round him chaste and terse,
 " To give a plaudit to his verse !

Latin, I grant, shews college breeding,
 And some school-common-place of reading.
 But has in *Moderns* small pretension
 To real wit or strong invention.
 The excellence you critics praise
 Hangs on a curious choice of phrase;
 Which pick'd and chosen here and there,
 From prose or verse no matter where,
 Jumbled together in a dish,
 Like Spanish olio, fowl, flesh, fish,
 You set the classic hodge-podge on
 For pedant wits to feed upon.

Your wou'd-be Genii vainly seek
 Fame from their Latin verse, or Greek ;
 Who would for that be most admir'd
 Which blockheads may, and have acquir'd.
 A mere mechanical connection
 Of favourite words, — a bare collection
 Of phrases, — where the labour'd cento
 Presents you with a dull memento,
 How *Virgil*, *Horace*, *Ovid* join,
 And club together half a line.
 These only strain their motly wits
 In gathering patches, shreds, and bits,
 To wrap their barren fancies in,
 And make a classic Harlequin.

— Were I at once impower'd to shew
 My utmost vengeance on my foe,
 To punish with extremest rigour,
 I could inflict no penance bigger
 Than using him as learning's tool
 To make him Usher of a school.
 For, not to dwell upon the toil
 Of working on a barren soil,
 And lab'ring with incessant pains
 To cultivate a blockhead's brains,

The

'The duties there but ill besit
 The love of letters, arts, or wit,
 For whosoe'er, tho' slightly, sips,
 Their grateful flavour with his lips,
 Will find it leave a smatch behind,
 Shall sink so deeply in the mind,
 It never thence can be eras'd —
 But, rising up, you call it *Taste*,

'Twere foolish for a drudge to chuse
 A gusto which he cannot use.
 Better discard the idle whim,
 What's *He* to *Taste*? or *Taste* to *Him*?
 For me, it hurts me to the soul
 To brook confinement or controul;
 Still to be pinion'd down to teach
 The syntax and the parts of speech;
 Or, what perhaps is drudging worse,
 The links, and joints, and rules of verse;
 To deal out authors by retale,
 Like penny pots of *Oxford* ale;
 — Oh! 'Tis a service irksome more
 Than tugging at the slavish oar.

Yet such *his* task, a dismal truth,
 Who watches o'er the bent of youth;

And while, a paltry stipend earning,
 He sows the richest seeds of learning,
 And tills *their* minds with proper care,
 And sees them their due produce bear,
 No joys, alas ! his toil beguile,
 His *own* lies fallow all the while.

“ Yet still he’s in the road, you say,
 “ Of learning.”—Why, perhaps he may.
 But turns like horses in a mill,
 Nor getting on, nor standing still :
 For little way his learning reaches,
 Who reads no more than what he teaches.

“ Yet you can send advent’rous youth,
 “ In search of letters, taste, and truth,
 “ Who ride the highway road to knowledge
 “ Through the plain turnpikes of a college,”
 True.—Like way-posts, we serve to shew
 The road which travellers shou’d go ;
 Who jog along in easy pace,
 Secure of coming to the place,
 Yet find, return whene’er they will,
 The *Post*, and its direction still :
 Which stands an useful unthank’d guide,
 To many a passenger beside.

'Tis hard to carve for others meat,
 And not have time one's self to eat.
 Tho', be it always understood,
 Our appetites are full as good.

" But there have been, and proofs appear,
 " Who bore this load from year to year ;
 " Whose claim to letters, parts, and wit,
 " The world has ne'er disputed yet.
 " Whether the flowing mirth prevail
 " In *Wesley's* song, or humorous tale ;
 " Or happier *Bourne's* expression please
 " With graceful turns of classic ease ;
 " Or *Oxford's* well-read poet sings
 " Pathetic to the ear of kings :
 " These have indulg'd the muses' flight,
 " Nor lost their time or credit by't ;
 " Nor suffer'd fancy's dreams to prey
 " On the due business of the day.
 " Verse was to them a recreation
 " Us'd but by way of relaxation."

Your instances are fair and true,
 And genius I respect with you.
 I envy none their honest praise ;
 I seek to blast no scholar's bays ;

Still let the graceful foliage spread
 Its greenest honours round their head,
 Blest, if the Muses' hand entwine
 A sprig at least to circle mine !

Come, — I admit, you tax me right,
 Prudence, 'tis true, was out of sight,
 And you may whisper all you meet,
 The man was vague and indiscreet.
 Yet tell me, while you censure me,
 Are you from error sound and free ?
 Say, does your breast no bias hide,
 Whose influence draws the mind aside ?

All have their hobby-horse, you see,
 From Tristram down to you and me.
 Ambition, splendour, may be thine ;
 Ease, indolence, perhaps, are mine.
 Though prudence, and our nature's pride
 May wish our weakneſſes to hide,
 And set their hedges up before 'em,
 Some Sprouts will branch, and straggle o'er 'em,
 Strive, fight against her how you will,
 Nature will be the mistress still,
 And though you curb with double rein,
 She'll run away with us again.

But

But let a man of parts be wrong,
 'Tis triumph to the leaden throng.
 The fools shall cackle out reproof,
 The very ass shall raise his hoof;
 And he who holds in his possession,
 The single virtue of discretion,
 Who knows no overflow of spirit,
 Whose want of passions is his merit,
 Whom wit and taste and judgment flies,
 Shall shake his noddle, and *seem* wise.

THE

T H E A C T O R,

ADDRESSED TO BONNEL THORNTON, ESQ.

ACTING, dear Thornton, its perfection draws
 From no observance of mechanic laws:
 No settled maxims of a fav'rite stage,
 No rules deliver'd down from age to age,
 Let players nicely mark them as they will,
 Can e'er entail hereditary skill.
 If, 'mongst the humble hearers of the pit,
 Some curious vet'ran critic chance to sit,
 Is he pleas'd more because 'twas acted so
 By Booth and Cibber thirty years ago?
 The mind recalls an object held more dear,
 And hates the copy, that it comes so near.
 Why lov'd he Wilks's air, Booth's nervous tone?
 In them 'twas natural, 'twas all their own.
 A Garrick's genius must our wonder raise,
 But gives his mimic no reflected praise.

Thrice happy Genius, whose unrival'd name,
 Shall live for ever in the voice of Fame!
 'Tis thine to lead with more than magic skill,
 The train of captive passions at thy will;

To bid the bursting tear spontaneous flow
 In the sweet sense of sympathetic woe :
 Through ev'ry vein I feel a chilness creep,
 When horrors such as thine *have murder'd sleep* ;
 And at the old man's look and frantic stare
 'Tis Lear alarms me, for I see him there.
 Nor yet confin'd to tragic walks alone,
 The Comic Muse too claims thee for her own.
 With each delightful requisite to please,
 Taste, Spirit, Judgment, Elegance, and Ease,
 Familiar Nature forms thy only rule,
 From Ranger's rake to Druggier's vacant fool,
 With powers so pliant, and so various blest,
 That what we see the last, we like the best.
 Not idly pleas'd, at judgment's dear expence,
 But burst outrageous with the laugh of sense.

Perfection's top, with weary toil and pain,
 'Tis genius only that can hope to gain.
 The Play'r's profession (tho' I hate the phrase,
 'Tis so *mechanic* in these modern days)
 Lies not in trick, or attitude, or start,
 Nature's true knowledge is the only art.
 The strong-felt passion bolts into his face,
 The mind untouch'd, what is it but grimace ?

To

To this one standard make your just appeal,
 Here lies the golden secret; learn to FEEL.
 Or fool, or monarch, happy, or distressed,
 No actor pleases that is not *possess'd*.

Once on the stage, in Rome's declining days,
 When Christians were the subject of their plays,
 E'er persecution dropp'd her iron rod,
 And men still wag'd an impious war with God,
 An actor flourish'd of no vulgar fame,
 Nature's disciple, and Genest his name.
 A noble object for his skill he chose,
 A martyr dying 'midst insulting foes.
 Resign'd with patience to religion's laws,
 Yet braving monarchs in his Saviour's cause,
 Fill'd with th' idea of the sacred part,
 He felt a zeal beyond the reach of art,
 While look and voice, and gesture, all express
 A kindred ardour in the player's breast;
 Till as the flame thro' all his bosom ran,
 He lost the Actor, and commenc'd the Man;
 Profess'd the faith; his pagan gods denied,
 And what he acted then, he after died.

The Player's province they but vainly try,
 Who want these pow'rs, *Department, Voice, and Eye*.
 The

The Critic Sight 'tis only *Grace* can please,
 No figure charms us if it has not *Ease*.
 There are, who think the stature all in all,
 Nor like the hero, if he is not tall.
 The feeling sense all other want supplies,
 I rate no actor's merit from his size.
 Superior height requires superior grace,
 And what's a giant with a vacant face ?

Theatric monarchs, in their tragic gait,
 Affect to mark the solemn pace of state.
 One foot put forward in position strong,
 The other, like its vassal, dragg'd along.
 So grave each motion, so exact and slow,
 Like wooden monarchs at a puppet show.
 The mein delights us that has native grace,
 But affectation ill supplies its place.

Unskilful actors, like your mimic apes,
 Will writhe their bodies in a thousand shapes ;
 However foreign from the poet's art,
 No tragic hero but admires a start.
 What though unfeeling of the nervous line,
 Who but allows his *attitude* is fine ?
 While a whole minute equipois'd he stands,
 Till praise dismiss him with her echoing hands !

Resolv'd

Resolv'd, though nature hate the tedious pause;
By perseverance to extort applause.

When Rómeo sorrowing at his Juliet's doom,
With eager madness bursts the canvas tomb,
The sudden whirl, stretch'd leg, and lifted staff,
Which please the vulgar, make the critic laugh:

To paint the passion's force, and mark it well,
The proper action nature's self will tell ;
No pleasing pow'r's distortions e'er express,
And nicer judgment always loaths excess.
In sock or buskin, who o'erleaps the bounds,
Disgusts our reason, and the taste confounds.

Of all the evils which the stage molest,
I hate your fool who overacts his jest ;
Who murders what the poet finely writ,
And, like a bungler, haggles all his wit,
With shrug, and grin, and gesture out of place,
And writes a foolish comment with his face.
Old Johnson once, tho' Cibber's perter vein
But meanly groupes him with a num'rous train,
With steady face, and sober hum'rous mein,
Fill'd the strong outlines of the comic scene,
What was writ down, with decent utt'rance spoke,
Betray'd no symptom of the conscious joke ;

The

The very man in look, in voice, in air,
And tho' upon the stage, appear'd no Play'r.

The word and action should conjointly suit,
But acting words is labour too minute.
Grimace will ever lead the judgment wrong;
While sober humour marks th' impression strong.
Her proper traits the fixt attention hit,
And bring me closer to the poet's wit;
With her delighted o'er each scene I go,
Well-pleas'd, and not asham'd of being so.

But let the generous Actor still forbear
To copy features with a Mimic's care!
'Tis a poor skill which ev'ry fool can reach,
A vile stage-custom, honour'd in the breach.
Worse as more close, the disingenuous art
But shews the wanton looseness of the heart.
When I behold a wretch, of talents mean,
Drag private foibles on the public scene,
Forfaking nature's fair and open road
To mark some whim, some strange peculiar mode,
Fir'd with disgust I loath his servile plan,
Despise the mimic, and abhor the man.
Go to the lame, to hospitals repair,
And hunt for humour in distortions there!

Fill up the measure of the motley whim
 With shrug, wink, snuffle, and convulsive limb ;
 Then shame at once, to please a trifling age,
 Good sense, good manners, virtue, and the stage !

'Tis not enough the Voice be found and clear,
 'Tis modulation that must charm the ear.
 When desperate heroines grieve with tedious moan,
 And whine their sorrows in a see-saw tone,
 The same soft sounds of unimpassioned woes
 Can only make the yawning hearers doze.

The voice all modes of passion can express,
 That marks the proper word with proper stress.
 But none emphatic can that actor call,
 Who lays an equal emphasis on *all*.

Some o'er the tongue the labour'd measures roll
 Slow and delib'rate as the parting toll,
 Point ev'ry stop, mark ev'ry pause so strong,
 Their words, like stage-processions stalk along.
 All affectation but creates disgust,
 And e'en in speaking we may seem *too* just.

Nor proper, Thornton, can those sounds appear
 Which bring not numbers to thy nicer ear ;

In

In vain for them the pleasing measure flows,
 Whose recitation runs it all to prose ;
 Repeating what the poet sets not down,
 The verb disjointing from its friendly noun,
 While pause, and break, and repetition join
 To make a discord in each tuneful line.

Some placid natures fill th' allotted scene
 With lifeless drone, insipid and serene ;
 While others thunder ev'ry couplet o'er,
 And almost crack your ears with rant and roar.

More nature oft and finer strokes are shown,
 In the low whisper than tempestuous tone.
 And Hamlet's hollow voice and fixt amaze,
 More powerful terror to the mind conveys,
 Than he, who, swol'n with big impetuous rage,
 Bullies the bulky phantom off the stage.

He, who in earnest studies o'er his part,
 Will find true nature cling about his heart.
 The modes of grief are not included all
 In the white handkerchief and mournful drawl ;
 A single look more marks th' internal woe,
 Than all the windings of the lengthen'd Oh.

Up to the Face the quick sensation flies,
 And darts its meaning from the speaking Eyes ;
 Love, transport, madness, anger, scorn, despair,
 And all the passions, all the soul is there.

In vain Ophelia gives her flowrets round,
 And with her straws fantastic strews the ground,
 In vain now sings, now heaves the desp'rate sigh,
 If phrenzy fit not in the troubled eye.
 In Cibber's look commanding sorrows speak,
 And call the tear fast trick'ling down my cheek.

There is a fault which stirs the critic's rage ;
 A want of due attention on the stage.
 I have seen actors, and admir'd ones too,
 Whose tongues wound up set forward from their cue ;
 In their own speech who whine, or roar away,
 Yet seem unmov'd at what the rest may say ;
 Whose eyes and thoughts on diff'rent objects roam,
 Until the prompter's voice recal them home.

Divest yourself of hearers, if you can,
 And strive to speak, and be the very man.
 Why should the well-bred actor wish to know
 Who sits above to-night, or who below ?

So

So, 'mid th' harmonious tones of grief or rage,
 Italian squallers oft disgrace the stage ;
 When, with a simp'ring leer, and bow profound,
 The squeaking Cyrus greets the boxes round ;
 Or proud Mandane, of imperial race,
 Familiar drops a curt'sie to her grace.

To suit the dress demands the actor's art,
 Yet there are those who over-dress the part.
 To some prescriptive right gives settled things,
 Black wigs to murd'ers, feather'd hats to kings.
 But Michael Cassio might be drunk enough,
 Tho' all his features were not grim'd with snuff.
 Why shou'd Pol Peachum shine in satin cloaths ?
 Why ev'ry devil dance in scarlet hose ?

But in stage-customs what offends me most
 Is the slip-door, and slowly-rising ghost.
 Tell me, nor count the question too severe,
 Why need the dismal powder'd forms appear ?

When chilling horrors shake th' affrighted king,
 And guilt torments him with her scorpion sting ;
 When keenest feelings at his bosom pull,
 And fancy tells him that the seat is full ;

Why need the ghost usurp the monarch's place,
 To frighten children with his mealy face?
 The king alone shou'd form the phantom there,
 And talk and tremble at the vacant chair.

If Belvidera her lov'd loss deplore,
 Why for twin spectres bursts the yawning floor?
 When with disorder'd starts, and horrid cries,
 She paints the murder'd forms before her eyes,
 And still pursues them with a frantic stare,
 'Tis pregnant madness brings the visions there.
 More instant horror would enforce the scene,
 If all her shudd'rings were at shapes unseen.

Poet and Actor thus, with blended skill,
 Mould all our passions to their instant will;
 'Tis thus, when feeling Garrick treads the stage,
 (The speaking comment of his Shakespear's page)
 Oft as I drink the words with greedy ears,
 I shake with horror, or dissolve with tears.

O, ne'er may folly seize the throne of taste,
 Nor dulness lay the realms of genius waste!
 No bouncing crackers ape the thund'rer's fire,
 No tumbler float upon the bending wire!

More

More natural uses to the stage belong,
 Than tumblers, monsters, pantomime, or song.
 For other purpose was that spot design'd :
 To purge the passions, and reform the mind,
 To give to nature all the force of art,
 And while it charms the ear to mend the heart.

Thornton, to thee, I dare with truth commend,
 The decent stage as virtue's natural friend.
 Tho' oft debas'd with scenes profane and loose,
 No reason weighs against it's proper use.
 Tho' the lewd priest his sacred function shame,
 Religion's perfect law is still the same.

Shall They, who trace the passions from their rise,
 Shew scorn her features, her own image vice ?
 Who teach the mind it's proper force to scan,
 And hold the faithful mirror up to man,
 Shall their profession e'er provoke disdain,
 Who stand the foremost in the moral train,
 Who lend reflection all the grace of art,
 And strike the precept home upon the heart ?

Yet, hapless Artist ! tho' thy skill can raise
 The bursting peal of universal praise,

Tho' at thy beck Applause delighted stands,
 And lifts, Briareus' like, her hundred hands,
 Know, Fame awards thee but a partial breath !
 Not all thy talents brave the stroke of death.
 Poets to ages yet unborn appeal,
 And latest times th' Eternal Nature feel.
 Tho' blended here the praise of bard and play'r,
 While more than half becomes the Actor's share,
 Relentless death untwists the mingled fame,
 And sinks the player in the poet's name.
 The pliant muscles of the various face,
 The mein that gave each sentence strength and grace,
 The tuneful voice, the eye that spoke the mind,
 Are gone, nor leave a single trace behind.

TO

THE LAW STUDENT.

TO GEORGE COLMAN, ESQ.

*Quid tibi cum Gírrhá? quid cum Permessidos undâ?
Romanum propius divitiisque Forum est.*

Mart.

NOW Christ-Church left, and fixt at Lincoln's
Inn,
Th' important studies of the Law begin.
Now groan the shelves beneath th' unusual charge
Of Records, Statutes, and Reports at large.
Each Classic Author seeks his peaceful nook,
And modest Virgil yields his place to Coke.
No more, ye Bards, for vain precedence hope,
But even Jacob take the lead of Pope!

While the pil'd shelves sink down on one another,
And each huge folio has its cumb'rous brother,
While, arm'd with these, the Student views with awe
His rooms become the magazine of Law,
Say whence so few succeed? where thousands aim,
So few e'er reach the promis'd goal of fame?

Say,

Say, why Cæcilius quits a gainful trade
 For regimentals, sword, and smart cockade ?
 Or Sextus why his first profession leaves
 For narrower band, plain shirt, and pudding sleeves ?

The depth of law asks study, thought, and care ?
 Shall we seek these in rich Alonzo's heir ?
 Such diligence, alas ! is seldom found
 In the brisk heir to forty thousand pound.
 Wealth, that excuses folly, sloth creates,
 Few, who can spend, e'er learn to get estates.
 What is to him dry case, or dull report,
 Who studies fashions at the Inns of Court ;
 And proves that thing of emptiness and show,
 That mungrel, half-form'd thing, a Temple-Beau ?
 Observe him daily saunt'ring up and down,
 In purple slippers, and in silken gown ;
 Last night's debauch, his morning conversation ;
 The coming, all his evening preparation.

By Law let others toil to gain renown !
 Florio's a gentleman, a man o'th' town.
 He nor courts, clients, or the law regarding,
 Hurries from Nando's down to Covent-Garden:
 Yet he's a Scholar ;—mark him in the Pit
 With critic catcall sound the stops of wit !

Supreme

Supreme at George's he harangues the throng,
 Cenſor of ſtile from tragedy to ſong :
 Him ev'ry witling views with ſecret awe,
 Deep in the Drama, ſhallow in the Law.

Others there are, who, indolent and vain,
 Contemn the ſcience, they can ne'er attain :
 Who write, and read, but all by fits and ſtarts,
 And varniſh folly with the name of Parts ;
 Truſt all to Genius, for they ſcorn to pore,
 Till e'en that little Genius is no more.

Knowledge in Law care only can attain,
 Where honour's purchas'd at the price of pain.
 If, loit'ring, up th' aſcent you ceaſe to climb,
 No ſtarts of labour can redeem the time.
 Induſtrious ſtudy wins by ſlow degrees,
 True ſons of Coke can ne'er be ſons of eaſe.

There are, whom Love of Poetry has ſmit,
 Who, blind to intereſt, arrant dupes to wit,
 Have wander'd devious in the pleaſing road,
 With Attic flowers and Claſſic wreaths beſtrew'd :
 Wedded to verſe, embrac'd the Muſe for life,
 And ta'en, like modern bucks, their whores to wife.
 Where'er

Where'er the Muse usurps despotic sway,
 All other studies must of force give way.
 Int'rest in vain puts in her prudent claim,
 Non-suited by the pow'rful plea of fame.
 As well you might weigh lead against a feather,
 As ever jumble wit and law together.
 On Littleton Coke gravely thus remarks,
 (Remember this, ye rhyming Temple Sparks!
 " In all our author's tenures, he it noted,
 " This is the fourth time any verse is quoted."
 Which, 'gainst the Muse and verse, may well imply
 What lawyers call a *noli prosequi*.

Quit then, dear George, O quit the barren field,
 Which neither profit nor reward can yield !
 What tho' the sprightly scene, well acted, draws
 From unpack'd Englishmen unbrib'd applause,
 Some Monthly Grub, some Dennis of the age,
 In print cries shame on the degen'rate stage *.

* See the very curious and VERY SIMILAR criticisms on the comedy of the Jealous Wife, in the two Reviews, together with the most malicious and insolent attack on the writer, and the author of this Collection in the Critical Review for March ; an injury poorly repaired by a lame apology in the Review for the succeeding month, containing fresh insults on one of the injured parties.

If

If haply Churchill strive with generous aim,
 To fan the sparks of genius to a flame ;
 If all UNASK'D, UNKNOWN, AND UNKNOWN,
 By noting thy desert, he prove his own ;
 Envy shall strait to Hamilton's repair,
 And vent her spleen, and gall, and venom there,
 Thee, and thy works, and all thy friends decry,
 And boldly print and publish a rank lie,
 Swear your own hand the flatt'ring likeness drew,
 Swear your own breath fame's partial trumpet blew.

Well I remember oft your friends have said,
 (Friends, whom the surest maxims ever led)
 Turn parson, Colman, that's the way to thrive :
 Your parsons are the happiest men alive.
 Judges, there are but twelve, and never more,
 But Stalls untold, and Bishops, twenty-four.
 Of pride and claret, sloth and ven'son full,
 Yon prelate mark, right reverend and dull !
 He ne'er, good man, need pensive vigils keep
 To preach his audience once a week to sleep ;
 On rich preferments battens at his ease,
 Nor sweats for tithes, as lawyers toil for fees.

Thus they advis'd. I know thee better far ;
 And cry, stick close, dear Colman, to the Bar !

If

If genius warm thee, where can genius call
 For nobler action than in yonder hall?
 'Tis not enough each morn, on Term's approach,
 To club your legal threepence for a coach;
 Then at the Hall to take your silent stand,
 With ink-horn and long note-book in your hand,
 Marking grave serjeants cite each wise report,
 And noting down sage dictums from the court,
 With overwhelming brow, and law-learn'd face,
 The index of your book of common-place.

These are mere drudges, that can only plod,
 And tread the path their dull forefathers trod,
 Doom'd thro' law's maze, without a clue, to range,
 From *second Vernon* down to *second Strange*.
 Do Thou uplift thine eyes to happier wits!
 Dulness no longer on the woolpack sits;
 No longer on the drawling dronish herd
 Are the first honours of the law confer'd;
 But they whose fame reward's due tribute draws,
 Whose active merit challenges applause,
 Like glorious beacons, are set high to view,
 To mark the paths which genius shou'd pursue.

O for thy spirit, MANSFIELD! at thy name
 What bosom glows not with an active flame?

Alone

Alone from Jargon born to rescue Law,
 From precedent, grave hum, and formal saw !
 To strip chican'ry of its vain pretence,
 And marry Common Law to Common Sense !

PRATT ! on thy lips persuasion ever hung !
 English falls, pure as Manna, from thy tongue :
 On thy voice truth may rest, and on thy plea
 Unerring HENLEY found the just decree.

HENLEY ! than whom, to HARDWICK's well-
 rais'd fame,
 No worthier second Royal GEORGE cou'd name :
 No lawyer of prerogative ; no tool
 Fashion'd in black corruption's pliant school ;
 Form'd 'twixt the People and the Crown to stand,
 And hold the scales of right with even hand !

True to our hopes, and equal to his birth,
 See, see in YORK the force of lineal worth !

But why their sev'ral merits need I tell ?
 Why on each honour'd sage's praises dwell ?
 WILMOT how well his place, or FOSTER fills ?
 Or shrew'd sense beaming from the eye of WILLS ?

Such,

Such, while thou see'st the public care engage,
 Their fame increasing with increasing age,
 Rais'd by true genius, bred in Phœbus' school,
 Whose warmth of soul found judgment knew to cool;
 — With such illustrious proofs before your eyes,
 Think not, my friend, you've too much wit to rise:
 Think of the bench, the coif, long robe, and fee,
 And leave the Press to ***** ** **.

THE

THE POETRY PROFESSORS.

OLD ENGLAND has not lost her pray'r,
 And GEORGE, (thank heav'n!) has got an heir.
 A royal babe, a PRINCE of WALES.
 —Poets! I pity all your nails—
 What reams of paper will be spoil'd!
 What *graduses* be daily foil'd
 By inky fingers, greasy thumbs,
 Hunting the word that never comes!

Now *Academics* pump their wits,
 And lash in vain their lazy *tits*;
 In vain they whip, and slash, and spur,
 The callous jades will never stir;
 Nor can they reach *Parnassus'* hill,
 Try every method which they will.
 Nay, should the tits get on for once,
 Each rider is so *grave* a dunce,
 That, as I've heard good judges say,
 'Tis ten to one they'd lose their way;
 Tho' not one wit bestrides the back
 Of useful drudge, ycleped hack,

But

But fine *bred things* of mettled blood,
 Pick'd from *Apollo's* royal stud.
Greek, Roman, nay Arabian steeds,
 Or those our mother country breeds;
 Some ride ye *in*, and ride ye *out*,
 And to come *home* go round *about*,
 Nor on the green sward, nor the road,
 And that I think they call an ODE.
 Some take the pleasant country air,
 And smack their whips and drive a pair,
 Each horse with bells which clink and chime,
 And so *they* march — and that is *rhime*.
 Some copy with prodigious skill
 The figures of a *buttery-bill*,
 Which, with great folks of erudition,
 Shall pass for *Coptic* or *Phœnician*.
 While some, as *patriot* love prevails,
 To compliment a prince of *Wales*,
 Salute the royal babe in *Welsh*,
 And send forth *gutturals* like a belch.

What pretty things imagination
 Will fritter out in adulation !
 The *Pagan* Gods shall visit earth,
 To triumph in a *Christian's* birth.

While

While *classic* poets, pure and chaste,
 Of *trim* and *academic* TASTE,
 Shall lug them in by head and shoulders,
 To be or *speakers*, or *beholders*.
 MARS shall present him with a lance,
 To humble *Spain* and conquer *France*;
 The GRACES, buxom, blith, and gay,
 Shall at his cradle *dance the Hay*;
 And VENUS, with her train of LOVES,
 Shall bring a thousand pair of *doves*
 To bill, to coo, to whine, to squeak,
 Through all the *dialects* of *Greek*.
 How many *swains* of classic breed,
 Shall *deftly* tune their *oaten* reed,
 And bring their *Doric* nymphs to town,
 To sing their measures *up* and *down*,
 In notes *alternate* clear and sweet,
 Like *Ballad-fingers* in a street.
 While those who grasp at reputation,
 From *imitating imitation*,
 Shall hunt each cranny, nook, and creek,
 For *precious* fragments in the *Greek*,
 And rob the *spital*, and the *waste*,
 For sense, and sentiment, and taste.

What Latin *bodge-podge*, Grecian *hash*,
 With Hebrew *roots*, and English *trash*,
 Shall academic cooks produce
 For present show and future use !
 FELLOWS ! who've soak'd away their knowledge,
 In *sleepy* residence at college;
 Whose lives are like a stagnant pool,
 Muddy and placid, dull and cool ;
 Mere drinking, eating ; eating, drinking ;
 With no impertinence of thinking ;
 Who lack no farther erudition,
 Than just to *set* an imposition
 To cramp, demolish, and dispirit,
 Each true begotten child of merit ;
 Censors, who, in the day's broad light,
 Punish the vice they act at night ;
 Whose charity with *self* begins,
 Nor covers others venial sins ;
 But that their feet may safely tread,
 Take up hypocrisy instead,
 As knowing that must always hide
 A multitude of sins beside ;
 Whose rusty wit is at a stand,
 Without a *freshman* at their hand ;
 (Whose service must of course create
 The just return of sev'n-fold hate)

Lord !

Lord ! that such *good* and *useful* men
Should ever turn to books agen.

YET matter must be gravely plann'd,
And syllables on fingers scann'd,
And racking pangs rend lab'ring head,
Till lady Muse is brought to-bed :
What hunting, changing, toiling, sweating,
To bring the useful epithet in !
Where the crampt measure kindly shows
It *will* be verse, but *should* be prose.
So, when its neither light nor dark,
To 'prentice spruce, or lawyer's clerk,
The nymph, who takes her nightly stand
At some sly corner in the Strand,
Plump in the chest, tight in the boddice,
Seems to the eye a perfect goddess ;
But canvass'd more minutely o'er,
Turns out an old, stale, batter'd whore.

Yet must these sons of GOWNED EASE,
Proud of the plumage of *Degrees*,
Forfake their APATHY a while,
To figure in the *Roman* stile,
And offer incense at the shrine
Of LATIN POETRY *Divine*.

Upon a throne the goddess sits,
 Surrounded by her *bulky* wits ;
 FABRICIUS, COOPER, CALEPINE,
 AINSWORTHUS, FABER, CONSTANTINE ;
 And he, who like DODONA spoke,
 DE SACRA QUERCU, HOLYOAKE ;
 These are her counsellors of state,
 Men of much words, and wits of *weight* ;
 Here GRADUS, full of *phrases clever*,
 Lord of her *treasury* for ever,
 With liberal hand his bounty deals ;
 SIR CENTO KEEPER of the *Seals*.
 Next to the person of the queen,
 Old madam PROSODY is seen ;
 Talking incessant, altho' dumb,
 Upon her fingers to her thumb.

And all around are portaits hung
 Of heroes in the *Latin* Tongue ;
Italian, English, German, French,
 Who most laboriously entrench
 In deep parade of language *dead*,
 What would not in their *own* be read,
 Without impeachment of that TASTE,
 Which LATIN IDIOM turns to *chaste*.

SANTOLIUS

SANTOLIUS here, whose flippant joke,
 Sought refuge in a *Roman* cloak :
 With dull COMMIRIUS at his side,
 In all the pomp of jesuit pride.
 MENAGE, the pedant figur'd there,
 A trifler with a solemn air :
 And there in loose, unseemly view,
 The graceless, easy LOVELING too.

'Tis here grave poets urge their claim,
 For some thin blast of tiny fame ;
 Here bind their temples drunk with praise,
 With half a sprig of *wither'd* bays.

O poet, if that honour'd name
 Befits such idle childish aim ;
 If VIRGIL ask thy sacred care,
 If HORACE charm thee, oh forbear
 To spoil with sacrilegious hand,
 The glories of the CLASSIC land :
 Nor sow thy *dowlas* on the SATTIN,
 Of *their* pure uncorrupted Latin.
 Better be native in thy verse,——
 What is FINGAL but genuine *Erse* ?
 Which all sublime sonorous flows,
 Like HERVEY's thoughts in drunken prose.

Hail, SCOTLAND, hail, to thee belong
 All pow'rs, but most the pow'rs of song;
 Whether the rude unpolish'd *Erse*
 Stalk in the buckram *Prose* or *Verse*,
 Or bonny RAMSAY please thee *mo'*,
 Who *sang sae* sweetly *aw* his woe.
 If ought (and say who knows so well)
 The second sighted Muse can tell,
 Thy happy LAIRDS shall laugh and sing,
 When ENGLAND'S GENIUS droops his wing.
 So shall thy foil new wealth disclose,
 So thy own THISTLE choak the ROSE.

But what comes here? Methinks I see
 A *walking* university.
 See how they press to cross the TWEED,
 And strain their limbs with eager speed!
 While SCOTLAND, from her *fertile* shore,
 Cries, On my sons, return no more.

Hither they haste with willing mind,
 Nor cast one *longing* look behind;
 On *ten-toe* carriage to salute,
 The k——g, and q——n, and EARL OF BUTE.

No more the gallant *Northern* sons
 Spout forth their strings of *Latin* puns ;
 Nor *course* all languages to frame,
 The quibble suited to their name ;
 As when their ancestors *be-vers'd*,
 That glorious STUART, JAMES the FIRST.
 But with that elocution's GRACE,
 That oratorical flashy *Lace*,
 Which the fam'd *Irish* TOMMY PUFF,
 Would sow on sentimental *stuff* ;
 Twang with a sweet pronunciation,
 The flow'rs of bold imagination.
 MACPHERSON leads the flaming van,
 LAIRD of the *new* Fingalian clan ;
 While JACKY HOME brings up the rear,
 With new-got pension neat and clear
 Three hundred *English* pounds a year.
 While sister PEG, our *ancient Friend*,
 Sends MAC's and DONLD's without end ;
 To GEORGE awhile they tune their lays,
 Then all their choral voices raise,
 To heap their panegyric wit on
 Th' illustrious chief, and our NORTH BRITON.

Hail to the THANE, whose *patriot* skill
 Can break all nations to his will ;

Master of sciences and arts,
 MÆCENAS to all men of parts ;
 Whose fost'ring hand, and ready wit,
 Shall find *us* all in places fit ;
 So shall thy friends no longer roam,
 But change to meet a settled home.
 Hail mighty THANE, for SCOTLAND born,
 To fill her almost empty horn :
 Hail to thy ancient glorious *stem*,
 NOT THEY *from Kings*, BUT KINGS FROM THEM.

THE

THE CIT'S COUNTRY BOX, 1757.

*Vos sapere & solos aio bene vivere, quorum,
Conspicitur nitidis fundata pecunia villis.*

HOR.

THE wealthy Cit, grown old in trade,
Now wishes for the rural shade,
And buckles to his one-horse chair,
Old *Dobbin*, or the founder'd mare;
While wedg'd in closely by his side,
Sits Madam, his unwieldy bride,
With *Jacky* on a stool before 'em,
And out they jog in due decorum.
Scarce past the turnpike half a mile,
How all the country seems to smile!
And as they slowly jog together,
The Cit commends the road and weather;
While Madam doats upon the trees,
And longs for ev'ry house she sees,
Admires its views, its situation,
And thus she opens her oration.

What signify the loads of wealth,
Without that richest jewel, health?

Excuse

Excuse the fondness of a wife,
 Who doats upon your precious life !
 Such easeless toil, such constant care,
 Is more than human strength can bear.
 One may observe it in your face —
 Indeed, my dear, you break apace :
 And nothing can your health repair,
 But exercise and country air.
 Sir Traffic has a house, you know,
 About a mile from *Cheney-Row* ;
 He's a *good* man, indeed 'tis true,
 But not so *warm*, my dear, as you :
 And folks are always apt to sneer —
 One would not be out-done my dear !

Sir Traffic's name so well apply'd
 Awak'd his brother merchant's pride ;
 And Thrifty, who had all his life
 Paid utmost deference to his wife,
 Confess'd her arguments had reason,
 And by th' approaching summer season,
 Draws a few hundreds from the stocks,
 And purchases his Country Box.

Some three or four mile out of town,
 (An hour's ride will bring you down,)

He

He fixes on his choice abode,
 Not half a furlong from the road ;
 And so convenient does it lay,
 The stages pass it ev'ry day :
 And then so snug, so mighty pretty,
 To have an house so near the city !
 Take but your places at the Boar
 You're set down at the very door.

Well then, suppose them fix'd at last,
 White-washing, painting, scrubbing past,
 Hugging themselves in ease and clover,
 With all the fuss of moving over ;
 Lo, a new heap of whims are bred !
 And wanton in my lady's head.

Well to be sure, it must be own'd,
 It is a charming spot of ground ;
 So sweet a distance for a ride,
 And all about so *countrified* !
 'Twould come but to a trifling price
 To make it quite a paradise ;
 I cannot bear those nasty rails,
 Those ugly broken mouldy pales :
 Suppose, my dear, instead of these,
 We build a railing, all Chinese.

Although

Although one hates to be expos'd ;
 'Tis dismal to be thus inclos'd ;
 One hardly any object sees —
 I wish you'd fell those odious trees.
 Objects continual passing by
 Were something to amuse the eye,
 But to be pent within the walls—
 One might as well be at St. Paul's.
 Our house, beholders would adore,
 Was there a level lawn before,
 Nothing its views to incommode,
 But quite laid open to the road ;
 While ev'ry trav'ler in amaze,
 Should on our little mansion gaze,
 And pointing to the choice retreat,
 Cry, that's Sir Thrifty's Country Seat.

No doubt her arguments prevail,
 For Madam's TASTE can never fail.

Blest age ! when all men may procure,
 The title of a Connoisseur ;
 When noble and ignoble herd,
 Are govern'd by a single word ;
 Though, like the royal German dames,
 It bears an hundred Christian names ;

As Genius, Fancy, Judgement, Goût,
 Whim, Caprice, Je-ne-scai-quoi, Virtù :
 Which appellations all describe
 TASTE, and the modern *tasteful* tribe.

Now bricklay'rs, carpenters, and joiners,
 With Chinese artists, and designers,
 Produce their schemes of alteration,
 To work this wond'rous reformation.
 The useful dome, which secret stood,
 Embosom'd in the yew-tree's wood,
 The trav'ler with amazement sees
 A temple, Gothic, or Chinese,
 With many a bell, and tawdry rag on,
 And crested with a sprawling dragon ;
 A wooden arch is bent astride
 A ditch of water, four foot wide,
 With angles, curves, and zigzag lines,
 From Halfpenny's exact designs.
 In front, a level lawn is seen,
 Without a shrub upon the green,
 Where Taste would want its first great law,
 But for the skulking, fly *ha-ha*,
 By whose miraculous assistance,
 You gain a prospect two fields distance.

And

And now from Hyde-Park Corner come
 The Gods of Athens, and of Rome.
 Here squabby Cupids take their places,
 With Venus, and the clumsy Graces :
 Apollo there, with aim so clever,
 Stretches his leaden bow for ever ;
 And there, without the pow'r to fly,
 Stands fix'd a tip-toe Mercury.

The villa thus completely grac'd,
 All own that Thrifty has a Taste ;
 And Madam's female friends, and cousins,
 With common-council-men, by dozens,
 Flock every Sunday to the Seat,
 To stare about them, and to eat.

GENIUS, ENVY, AND TIME,
A F A B L E;

ADDRESSED TO WILLIAM HOGARTH, ESQ;

IN all professional skill,
There never was, nor ever will
Be excellence, or exhibition,
But fools are up in opposition;
Each letter'd, grave, pedantic dunce
Wakes from his lethargy at once,
Shrugs, shakes his head, and rubs his eyes,
And, being dull, looks wond'rous wise,
With solemn phiz, and critic scowl,
The wisdom of his brother owl.

MODERNS! He hates the very name;
Your Antients have prescriptive claim:—
But let a century be past,
And We have taste and wit at last;
For at that period Moderns too
Just turn the corner of *Virtù*.

But

But merit now has little claim
 To any meed of present fame,
 For 'tis not worth that gets you friends,
 'Tis excellence that most offends.
 If, Proteus-like, a GARRICK's art,
 Shews taste and skill in every part ;
 If, ever just to nature's plan,
 He is in all the very man,
 E'en here shall Envy take her aim,
 — — — write, and — — — blame.
 The JEALOUS WIFE, tho' chafily writ,
 With no parade of frippery wit,
 Shall set a scribbling, all at once,
 Both giant wit, and pigmy dunce ;
 While Critical Reviewers write,
 Who shew their teeth before they bite,
 And sacrifice each reputation,
 From wanton false imagination.
 These observations, rather stale,
 May borrow spirit from a tale.

GENIUS, a bustling lad of parts,
 Who all things did by fits and starts,
 Nothing above him or below him,
 Who'd make a riot, or a poem,

From

From excentricity of thought,
 Not always do the thing he ought ;
 But was it once his own election,
 Would bring all matters to perfection ;
 Would act, design, engrave, write, paint,
 But neither from the least constraint,
 Who hated all pedantic schools,
 And scorn'd the gloss of knowing fools,
 That hold perfection all in all,
 Yet treat it as *mechanical*,
 And give the same sufficient rule
 To make a poem, as a stool—
 From the first spring-time of his youth,
 Was downright worshipper of truth ;
 And with a free and liberal spirit,
 His courtship paid to lady MERIT.

ENVY, a squint-ey'd, mere old maid,
 Well known among the scribbling trade ;
 A hag, so very, very thin,
 Her bones peep'd through her bladder-skin ;
 Who could not for her soul abide
 That folks shou'd praise, where she must chide,
 Follow'd the Youth where'er he went,
 To mar each good and brave intent ;

Would lies, and plots, and mischief hatch,
 To ruin HIM and spoil the match.
 Honour she held at bold defiance,
 Talk'd much of *Faction*, Gang, Alliance,
 As if the real sons of taste
 Had clubb'd to lay a DESART waste.

In short, wherever GENIUS came,
 You'd find this Antiquated Dame;
 Whate'er he did, where'er he went,
 She follow'd only to torment;
 Call'd MERIT by a thousand names,
 Which decency or truth disclaims,
 While all her business, toil, and care,
 Was to depreciate, lye, compare,
 To pull the Modest Maiden down,
 And blast her fame to all the town.

The Youth, inflam'd with conscious pride,
 To Prince POSTERITY apply'd,
 Who gave his answer thus in rhyme,
 By his chief minister, Old TIME.

“ Repine not at what pedants say,
 “ We'll bring thee forward on the way;
 “ If

" If wither'd ENVY strive to hurt
 " With lies, with impudence and dirt,
 " You only pay a common tax
 " Which fool, and knave, and dunce exacts.
 " Be this thy comfort, this thy joy,
 " Thy strength is in its prime, my boy,
 " And ev'ry year thy vigour grows,
 " Impairs the credit of my foes.
 " ENVY shall sink, and be no more
 " Than what her NAIADS were before ;
 " Mere excremental maggots, bred
 " In poet's topsy-turvy head,
 " Born like a momentary fly,
 " To flutter, buzz about, and die.

" Yet, GENIUS, mark what I presage,
 " Who look through every distant age :
 " MERIT shall bless thee with her charms,
 " FAME lift thy offspring in her arms,
 " And stamp eternity of grace
 " On all thy numerous various race.
 " ROUBILLIAC, WILTON, names as high
 " As *Phidias* of antiquity,
 " Shall strength, expression, manner give,
 " And make e'en marble breathe and live ;

“ While SIGISMUNDA’s deep distress,
 “ Which looks the soul of wretchedness,
 “ When I, with slow and soft’ning pen,
 “ Have gone o’er all the tints agen,
 “ Shall urge a bold and proper claim
 “ To level half the antient fame ;
 “ While future ages yet unknown
 “ With critic air shall proudly own
 “ Thy HOGARTH first of every clime,
 “ For humour keen, or strong sublime,
 “ And hail him from his fire and spirit,
 “ The child of GENIUS and of MERIT.”

THE HARE AND TORTOISE, 1757.

A F A B L E.

GENIUS, blest term, of meaning wide,
 For sure no term so misapply'd,
 How many bear thy sacred name,
 That never felt a real flame !
 Proud of the specious appellation,
 Thus fools have christen'd inclination.

But yet suppose a genius true,
Exempli gratiâ, me or you :
 Whate'er he tries with due attention,
 Rarely escapes his apprehension ;
 Surmounting ev'ry opposition,
 You'd swear he learnt by intuition.
 Shou'd he rely alone on parts,
 And study therefore but by starts ?
 Sure of success whene'er he tries,
 Should he forego the means to rise ?

Suppose your watch a Graham make,
 Gold, if you will, for value's sake ;

Its springs within in order due,
 No watch, when going, goes so true ;
 If ne'er wound up with proper care,
 What service is it in the wear ?

Some genial spark of Phœbus' rays,
 Perhaps within your bosom plays :
 O how the purer rays aspire,
 If application fans the fire !
 Without it Genius vainly tries,
 Howe'er sometimes it seem to rise :
 Nay application will prevail,
 When braggart parts and Genius fail :
 And now to lay my proof before ye,
 I here present you with a flory.

In days of yore, when time was young,
 When birds convers'd as well as fung,
 When use of speech was not confin'd,
 Merely to brutes of human kind,
 A forward Hare, of swiftness vain,
 The Genius of the neighb'ring plain,
 Wou'd oft deride the drudging croud :
 For Geniuses are ever proud.
 He'd boast, his flight 'twere vain to follow,
 For dog and horse he'd *beat them hollow*,

Nay,

Nay, if he put forth all his strength,
Outstrip his brethren *half a length*.

A Tortoise heard his vain oration,
And vented thus his indignation.
Oh Pufs, it bodes thee dire disgrace,
When I defy thee to the race.
Come, 'tis a match, nay, no denial,
I lay my shell upon the trial.

'Twas done and gone, all fair, a bet,
Judges prepar'd, and distance set.

The scamp'ring Hare outstript the wind,
The creeping Tortoise lagg'd behind,
And scarce had pass'd a single pole,
When Pufs had almost reach'd the goal.
Friend Tortoise, quoth the jeering Hare,
Your burthen's more than you can bear,
To help your speed, it were as well
That I should ease you of your shell :
Jog on a little faster pr'ythee,
I'll take a nap, and then be with thee.
So said, so done, and safely sure,
For say, what conquest more secure?

Whene'er he wak'd (that's all that's in it)
He could o'ertake him in a minute.

The tortoise heard his taunting jeer,
But still resolv'd to *persevere*,
Still draw'd along, as who should say,
I'll win, like Fabius, by delay ;
On to the goal securely crept,
While Pufs unknowing soundly slept.'

The bets were won, the Hare awake,
When thus the victor Tortoise spake.
Pufs, tho' I own thy quicker parts,
Things are not always done by starts.
You may deride my awkward pace,
But *slow and steady* wins the race,

THE SATYR AND PEDLAR, 1757.

WORDS are, so Wollaston defines,
 Of our ideas merely signs,
 Which have a pow'r at will to vary,
 As being vague and arbitrary.
 Now *damn'd* for instance—all agree,
Damn'd's the *superlative degree* ;
 Means *that* alone, and nothing more,
 However taken heretofore ;
Damn'd is a word can't stand alone,
 Which has no meaning of its own,
 But signifies or bad or good
 Just as its neighbour's understood.
 Examples we may find enough,
Damn'd high, *damn'd* low, *damn'd* fine, *damn'd* stuff.
 So fares it too with its relation,
 I mean its substantive, *damnation*.
 The wit with metaphors makes bold,
 And tells you he's *damnation* cold ;
 Perhaps, that metaphor forgot,
 The self-same wit's *damnation* hot.

And

And here a fable I remember—
 Once in the middle of December,
 When ev'ry mead in snow is lost,
 And ev'ry river bound with frost,
 When families get all together,
 And feelingly talk o'er the weather ;
 When—pox on the descriptive rhyme---
 In short it was the winter time.
 It was a Pedlar's happy lot,
 'To fall into a Satyr's cot :
 Shiv'ring with cold, and almost froze,
 With pearly drop upon his nose,
 His fingers' ends all pinch'd to death,
 He blew upon them with his breath.
 " Friend, quoth the Satyr, what intends
 " That blowing on thy fingers ends ?
 " It is to warm them thus I blow,
 " For they are froze as cold as snow.
 " And so inclement has it been
 " I'm like a cake of ice within."
 Come, quoth the Satyr, comfort, man !
 I'll chear thy inside, if I can ;
 You're welcome in my homely cottage
 To a warm fire, and mefs of pottage.

This

This said, the Satyr, nothing loth,
 A bowl prepar'd of sav'ry broth,
 Which with delight the Pedlar view'd,
 As smoking on the board it stood.
 But, though the very steam arose
 With grateful odour to his nose,
 One single sip he ventur'd not,
 The gruel was so wond'rous hot.
 What can be done?---with gentle puff
 He blows it, 'till it's cool enough.

Why how now, Pedlar, what's the matter?
 Still at thy blowing! quoth the Satyr.
 I blow to cool it, cries the Clown,
 That I may get the liquor down:
 For though I grant, you've made it well,
 You've boil'd it, sir, as hot as hell.

Then raising high his cloven stump,
 The Satyr smote him on the rump.
 " Begone, thou double knave, or fool,
 " With the same breath to warm and cool:
 " Friendship with such I never hold
 " Who're so *damn'd* hot, and so *damn'd* cold.

THE NIGHTINGALE, THE OWL, AND
THE CUCKOW.

A F A B L E.

ADDRESSED TO DAVID GARRICK, ESQ.

ON THE REPORT OF HIS RETIRING FROM THE
STAGE, DEC. 1760.

CRITICS, who like the scarecrows stand
Upon the poet's common land,
And with severity of sense,
Drive all imagination thence,
Say that in truth lies all sublime,
Whether you write in prose or rhyme.
And yet the truth may lose its grace,
If blurted to a person's face ;
Especially if what you speak
Shou'd crimson o'er the glowing cheek :
For when you throw that flaver o'er him,
And tumble out your praise before him,
However

However just the application,
It looks a-squint at adulation.

I would be honest and sincere,
But not a flatterer, or severe.
Need I be surly, rough, uncouth,
That folks may think I love the truth ?
And She, good dame, with Beauty's Queen,
Was not at all times naked seen :
For every boy, with Prior, knows,
By accident she lost her cloaths,
When Falshood stole them to disguise
Her misbegotten brood of lies.
Why should the prudish Goddess dwell
Down at the bottom of a well,
But that she is in pitious fright,
Lest, rising up to mortal sight,
The modest world shou'd flee and flout her,
With not a rag of cloaths about her ?
Yet she might wear a proper dress.
And keep her essence ne'ertheless,
So Delia's bosom still will rise,
And fascinate her lover's eyes,
'Tho' round her ivory neck she draws,
The decent shade of specious gauze.

I hear

I hear it buzz'd about the table,
What can this lead to?——Sirs,

A F A B L E.

When Birds allow'd the Eagle's sway,
Ere Eagles turn'd to fowls of prey,
His Royal Majesty of Air
Took Music underneath his care ;
And, for his queen and court's delight,
Commanded Concerts ev'ry night.
Here every Bird of Parts might enter,
The Nightingale was made Præcentor ;
Under whose care and just direction,
Merit was sure to meet protection.
The Lark, the Blackbird, and the Robin
This concert always bore a bob in :
The best performers all were in it,
The Thrush, Canary-bird, and Linnet.

But Birds, alas ! are apt to aim
At things, to which they've smallest claim.
The staring Owl, with hideous hoot,
Offer'd his service for a flute.
The Cuckow needs would join the band ;
“ The Thrush is but a poultry hand :

“ And

“ And I can best supply that place,
 “ For I’ve a shake, a swell, a grace.”

The Manager their suit preferr’d :
 Both tun’d their pipes, and both were heard ;
 Yet each their several praises mis’d,
 For both were heard, and both were his’d.

The Cuckow hence, with rancour stirr’d,
 (A kind of *periodic* bird,
 Of nasty hue, and body scabby,
 No would-be-play-wright half so shabby)
 Reviles, abuses, and defames,
 Screams from a branch, and calls hard names,
 And strikes at Nightingale or Lark,
 Like Lisbon ruffians, in the dark.

The Owl harangues the gaping throng
 On *Pow’rs*, and excellence of song,
 “ The Blackbird’s note has lost its force ;
 “ The Nightingale is downright hoarse ;
 “ The Linnet’s harsh ; the Robin shrill ;
 “ — The Sparrow has prodigious skill !

At length they had what they desir'd :
 The skilful Nightingale retir'd.
 When Folly came, with wild Uproar,
 And Harmony was heard no more.

A TALE.

A T A L E.

VENUS, of laughter queen and love,
 The greatest demirep above,
 Who scorn'd restriction, hated custom,
 Knew her own sex too well to trust 'em,
 Proceeded on the noble plan,
 At any rate, to have her man ;
 Look'd on decorum, as mere trash,
 And liv'd like *** and ***,
 From Paphos, where they her revere
 As much as we do Cælia here,
 Or from Cythera, where her altars
 Are deck'd with daggers, true-love halters,
 Garters yclept, and other trophies,
 Which prove that man in love an oaf is,
 According to appointment, came
 To see CÆCILIA, tuneful dame,
 Whose praise by Dryden's Ode is grown
 Bright and immortal as his own,
 And who hath been for many years
 The chief directress of the spheres.

Thomas, who rode behind the car,
 And for a flambeau held a star,
 Who, in the honest way of trade,
 Hath forg'd more horns, and cuckolds made,
 Than Vulcan and his brawny dolts
 Ever for Jove forg'd thunderbolts,
 Slipt gently down, and ran before 'em,
 Ringing the bell with due decorum.

But, truth to say, I cannot tell
 Whether it Knocker was or Bell,
 (This for vertù an anecdote is,)
 Which us'd to give CÆCILIA notice,
 When any lady of the sky
 Was come to bear her company.
 But this I'm sure, be which it will,
 Thomas perform'd his part with skill.

Methinks I hear the reader cry —
 His part with skill? why, You or I,
 Or any body else, as well
 As Thomas, sure, could ring a bell,
 Nor did I ever hear before
 Of skill in knocking at a door.

Poor low-liv'd creature ! I suppose,
 Nay, and am sure, you're one of those
 Who, at what door so'er they be,
 Will always knock in the same key.
 Thinking that Bell and Knocker too
 Were found out nothing else to do,
 But to inform the house, no doubt,
 That there was somebody without,
 Who, if they might such favour win,
 Would rather chuse to be within.

But had our servants no more sense,
 Lord ! what must be the consequence ?
 Error would error still pursue,
 And strife and anarchy ensue,
 Punctilio from her altar hurl'd,
 Whence she declares unto the world
 Whate'er by fancy is decreed,
 Thro' all her niceties must bleed.

For if there was not to be found
 Some wholesome difference of sound,
 But the same rap foretold th' approach
 Of him who walk'd, or rode in coach,
 A poor relation now and then,
 Might to my lord admittance gain,

When his good lordship hop'd to see
 Some rascal of his own degree ;
 And, what is more unhappy still,
 The stupid wretch who brings a bill,
 Might pass thro' all the motley tribe,
 As free as one, who brings a bribe.

My lady too might pique her grace
 With carriage stiff and formal face,
 Which, she deceiv'd, had taken care
 For some inferior to prepare ;
 Or might some wretch from Lombard-street
 With greater ease and freedom meet,
 Than sense of honour will admit
 Between my lady and a cit.

Those evils wisely to prevent,
 And root out care and discontent,
 Ev'ry gay smart, who rides behind,
 With rose and bag in taste refin'd,
 Must musick fully understand,
 Have a nice ear and skilful hand ;
 At ev'ry turn be always found
 A perfect connoisseur in sound ;
 Thro' all the gamut skilful fly
 Varying his notes, now low, now high,
 According

According as he shifts his place ;
 Now hoarsely grumbling in the base,
 Now turning tenor, and again
 To treble raising his shrill strain ;
 So to declare, where'er he be,
 His master's fortune and degree,
 By the distinguishing address
 Which he'll upon the door express.

Thomas, whom I have nam'd before
 As ringing at CÆCILIA's door,
 Was perfect master of this art,
 And vers'd alike in ev'ry part :
 So that Cæcilia knew, before
 Her footman came unto the door,
 And in due form had told her so,
 That Madam VENUS was below.

The doors immediate open flew,
 The GODDESS, without more ado,
 Displaying beauty's thousand airs,
 Skim'd thro' the hall, and trip'd up stairs.

CÆCILIA met her with a smile
 Of great delight, when all the while

If her false heart could have been seen,
She wish'd she had at Cyprus been.

But ladies, skill'd in forms and arts,
Don't in their faces wear their hearts,
And those above, like those below,
Deal frequently in outside show,
And always to keep up parade,
Have a simile by them ready-made.

The forms, which ladies when they meet,
Must for good-manners' sake repeat,
As humble servant, how d'you do,
And in return, *pray how are you?*
Enrich'd at ev'ry proper space
With due integuments of lace,
As Madam, Grace, and Goddeship,
Which we for brevity shall skip,
Happily past, in elbow-chair
At length our ladies seated are.

Indiff'rent subjects first they chuse,
And talk of weather and the news.
That done, they sit upon the state,
And snarl at the decrees of fate,

Invectives

Invectives against Jove are hurl'd,
And They alone should rule the world.

Dull politicks at length they quit,
And by ill-nature shew their wit;
For hand in hand, too well we know,
These intimates are said to go,
So that where either doth preside
T' other's existence is implied.
The man of wit, so men decree,
Must without doubt ill-natur'd be;
And the ill-natur'd scarce forgets
To rank himself among the wits,

Malicious VENUS, who by rote
Had ev'ry little anecdote,
And most minutely could advance
Each interesting circumstance,
Which unto all intrigues related,
Since Jupiter the world created,
Display'd her eloquence with pride,
Hinted, observ'd, enlarg'd, applied;
And not the reader to detain
With things impertinent and vain,
She did, as ladies do on earth
Who cannot bear a rival's worth,

In such a way each tale rehearse
As good made bad, and bad made worse:

CÆCILIA too, with faint-like air,
But lately come from evening pray'r,
Who knew her duty, as a faint,
Always to pray, and not to faint,
And, rain or shine, her church ne'er mist,
Prude, devotee, and methodist,
With equal zeal the cause promoted,
Misconstru'd things, and words misquoted,
Misrepresented, misapplied,
And, inspiration being her guide,
The very heart of man dissected,
And to his principles objected,
Thus, amongst us, the sanctified,
In all the spirituals of pride,
Whose honest consciences ne'er rested,
Till, of carnalities divested,
They knew and felt themselves t'inherit
A double portion of the spirit:
Who from one church to t'other roam,
Whilst their poor children starve at home,
Consid'ring they may claim the care
Of Providence, who sent them there,
And

And therefore certainly is tied
 To see their ev'ry want supplied ;
 Who unto preachers give away,
 That which their creditors should pay,
 And hold that chosen vessels must
 Be generous before they're just,
 And that their charity this way
 Shall bind o'er heaven their debts to pay,
 And serve their temp'ral turn, no doubt,
 Better than if they'd put it out,
 Whilst nought hereafter can prevent,
 Their sure reward of cent. per cent.
 Who honest labour scorn, and say
 None need to work who love to pray,
 For heav'n will satisfy their cravings,
 By sending of Elijah's ravens,
 Or rain down, when their spirits fail,
 A dish of manna, or a quail ;
 Who from Moorfields to Tottenham Court
 In furious fits of zeal resort,
 Praise what they do not understand,
 Turn up the eye, stretch out the hand,
 Melt into tears, whilst —— blows
 The twang of nonsense thro' his nose,
 Or —— deals in speculation,
 Or —— hums his congregation,

Or

Or —— talks with the lord of hosts,
 —— with pillars and with posts ;
 Who strictly watch, lest Satan shou'd,
 Roaring like lion for his food,
 Ensnare their feet his fatal trap in,
 And their poor souls be taken napping ;
 Who strictly fast, because they find,
 The flesh still wars against the mind,
 And flesh of saints, like sinner's, must
 Be mortified, to keep down lust ;
 Who, four times in the year at least,
 Join feast of love to love of feast,
 Which, tho' the profligate and vain
 In terms of blasphemy prophane,
 Yet all the ceremony here is
 Pure as the mysteries of Ceres ;
 Who, God's elect, with triumph feel
 Within themselves salvation's seal,
 And will not, must not, dare not doubt,
 That heav'n itself can't blot it out ;
 After they've done their holy labours,
 Return to scandalize their neighbours,
 And think they can't serve heav'n so well,
 As with its creatures filling hell :
 So that, inflam'd with holy pride,
 They save themselves, damn all beside.

For persons, who pretend to feel
 The glowings of uncommon zeal,
 Who others scorn, and seem to be
 Righteous in very great degree,
 Do, 'bove all others, take delight
 To vent their spleen in tales of spite,
 And think they raise their own renown
 By pulling of a neighbour's down ;
 Still lying on with most success,
 Because they charity profess,
 And make the out-side of religion,
 Like Mahomet's inspiring pigeon,
 To all their forgeries gain credit,
 'Tis enough sure that ——— said it.

But what can all this rambling mean ?
 Was ever such an hodge-podge seen ?
 VENUS, CÆCILIA, Saints, and Whores,
 Thomas, Vertù, Bells, Knockers, Doors,
 Lords, Rogues, Relations, Ladies, Cits,
 Stars, Flambeaux, Thunderbolts, Horns, Wits,
 Vulcan, and Cuckold-maker, Scandal,
 Music, and Footmen, Ear of Handel,
 Weather, News, Envy, Politicks,
 Intrigues, and Women's Thousand Tricks,
 Prudes,

Prudes, Methodists, and Devotees,
 Fastings, Feasts, Pray'rs, and Charities,
 Ceres, with her mysterious train,
 ———, ———, ———, and ———,
 Flesh, Spirit, Love, Hate, and Religion,
 A Quail, a Raven, and a Pigeon,
 All jumbled up in one large dish,
 Red-Herring, Bread, Fowl, Flesh, and Fish.

Where's the connection, where's the plan?
 The devil sure is in the man.
 All in an instant we are hurl'd
 From place to place all round the world,
 Yet find no reason for it — mum —
 There, my good critic, lies the hum —
 Well, but methinks, it wou'd avail
 To know the end of this — A T A L E,

SHAKESPEARE.

S H A K E S P E A R E ;

AN EPISTLE TO MR. GARRICK.

THANKS to much industry and pains,
 Much twisting of the wit and brains,
 Translation has unlock'd the store,
 And spread abroad the Grecian lore,
 While Sophocles his scenes are grown
 E'en as familiar as our own.

No more shall taste presume to speak
 From its enclosures in the Greek;
 But, all its fences broken down,
 Lie at the mercy of the town.

Critic, I hear thy torrent rage,
 " 'Tis blasphemy against that stage,
 " Which Æschylus his warmth design'd,
 " Euripides his taste refin'd,
 " And Sophocles his last direction,
 " Stamp'd with the signet of perfection."

Protection !

Perfection ! 'tis a word ideal,
 That bears about it nothing real :
 For excellence was never hit
 In the first essays of man's wit.
 Shall *ancient* worth, or *ancient* fame
 Preclude the Moderns from their claim ?
 Must they be blockheads, dolts, and fools,
 Who write not up to Grecian rules ?
 Who tread in buskins or in socks.
 Must they be damn'd as Heterodox,
 Nor merit of good works prevail,
 Except within the classic pale ?
 'Tis stuff that bears the name of knowledge,
 Not current half a mile from college ;
 Where half their lectures yield no more
 (Besure I speak of times of yore)
 Than just a niggard light, to mark
 How much we all are in the dark.
 As rushlights in a spacious room,
 Just burn enough to form a gloom.

When Shakespear leads the mind a dance,
 From France to England, hence to France,
 Talk not to me of time and place ;
 I own I'm happy in the chace.

Whether

Whether the drama's here or there,
 'Tis nature, Shakespeare, every where.
 The poet's fancy can create,
 Contract, enlarge, annihilate,
 Bring past and present close together,
 In spite of distance, seas, or weather ;
 And shut up in a single action,
 What cost whole years in its transaction.
 So, ladies at a play, or rout,
 Can flirt the universe about,
 Whose geographical account
 Is drawn and pictured on the mount.
 Yet, when they please, contract the plan,
 And shut the world up in a fan.

True Genius, like Armida's wand,
 Can raise the spring from barren land.
 While all the art of Imitation,
 Is pilf'ring from the first creation ;
 Transplanting flowers, with useless toil,
 Which wither in a foreign soil.
 As conscience often sets us right
 By its interior active light,
 Without th' assistance of the laws
 To combat in the moral cause

So Genius, of itself discerning,
 Without the mystic rules of learning,
 Can, from its present intuition,
 Strike at the truth of composition.

Yet those who breathe the classic vein,
 Enlisted in the mimic train,
 Who ride their steed with double bit,
 Ne'er run away with by their wit,
 Delighted with the pomp of rules,
 The specious pedantry of schools,
 (Which rules, like crutches, ne'er became
 Of any use but to the lame)
 Pursue the method set before 'em ;
 Talk much of order, and decorum,
 Of probability of fiction,
 Of manners, ornament, and diction,
 And with a jargon of hard names,
 (A privilege which dulness claims,
 And merely us'd by way of fence,
 To keep out plain and common sense)
 Extol the wit of antient days,
 The simple fabric of their plays ;
 Then from the fable, all so chaste,
 Trick'd up in ancient-modern taste,

So mighty gentle all the while,
 In such a sweet descriptive stile,
 While Chorus marks the servile mode
 With fine reflection, in an ode,
 Present you with a perfect piece,
 Form'd on the model of old Greece:

Come, pr'ythee Critic, set before us,
 The use and office of a chorus.
 What ! silent ! why then, I'll produce
 Its services from antient use.

'Tis to be ever on the stage,
 Attendants upon grief or rage,
 To be an arrant go-between,
 Chief-mourner at each dismal scene ;
 Shewing its sorrow, or delight,
 By shifting dances, left and right,
 Not much unlike our modern notions,
Adagio or *Allegro* motions ;
 To watch upon the deep distress,
 And plaints of royal wretchedness ;
 And when, with tears, and execration,
 They've pour'd out all their lamentation,
 And wept whole cataracts from their eyes,
 To call on rivers for supplies,

And with their *Hais*, and *Hees*, and *Hoes*,
To make a symphony of woes.

Doubtless the Antients want the art
To strike at once upon the heart :
Or why their prologues of a mile
In simple—call it—humble stile,
In unimpassion'd phrase to say
“ ’Fore the beginning of this play,
“ I, hapless Polydore, was found
“ By fishermen, or others drown’d !”
Or, “ I, a gentleman, did wed,
“ The lady I wou’d never bed,
“ Great Agamemnon’s royal daughter,
“ Who’s coming hither to draw water.”

Or need the Chorus to reveal
Reflexions, which the audience feel ;
And jog them, lest attention sink,
To tell them how and what to think ?

Oh, where’s the Bard, who at one view
Cou’d look the whole creation through,
Who travers’d all the human heart,
Without recourse to Grecian art ?

He

He scorn'd the modes of imitation,
 Of altering, pilfering, and translation,
 Nor painted horror, grief, or rage,
 From models of a former age;
 The bright original he took,
 And tore the leaf from nature's book.
 'Tis Shakespear, thus, who stands alone—
 —But why repeat what *You* have shown?
 How true, how perfect, and how well,
 The feelings of our hearts must tell.

AN EPISTLE TO C. CHURCHILL,

AUTHOR OF THE ROSCIAD.

IF at a Tavern, where you'd wish to dine,
 They cheat your palate with adulterate wine,
 Would you, resolve me, critics, for you can,
 Send for the master up, or chide the man?
 The man no doubt a knavish business drives,
 But tell me what's the master who connives?
 Hence you'll infer, and sure the doctrine's true,
 Which says, no quarter to a foul Review.
 It matters not who vends the nauseous slop,
 Master or prentice; we detest the shop.

Critics of old, a manly liberal race,
 Approv'd or censur'd with an open face:
 Boldly pursu'd the free decisive task,
 Nor stabb'd, conceal'd beneath a ruffian's mask.
 To works not men, with honest warmth, severe,
 Th' impartial judges laugh'd at hope or fear:
 Theirs was the noble skill, with gen'rous aim,
 To fan true genius to an active flame;

To

To bring forth merit in its strongest light,
Or damn the blockhead to his native night.

But, as all states are subject to decay,
The state of letters too will melt away,
Smit with the harlot charms of trilling sound,
Softness now wantons e'en on Roman ground ;
Where Thebans, Spartans, fought their honour'd
 graves,

Behold a weak enervate race of slaves.
In classic lore, deep science, language dead,
Tho' modern witlings are but scanty read,
Professors * fail not, who will loudly bawl
In praise of either, with the want of all :
Hail'd mighty critics to this present hour.
— The tribune's name surviv'd the tribune's pow'r.

Now Quack and Critic differ but in name,
Empirics frontless both, they mean the same ;
This raw in Physic, that in Letters fresh,
Both spring, like warts, excrescence from the flesh.

* The author takes this opportunity, notwithstanding all insinuations to the contrary, to declare, that he has no particular aim at a gentleman, whose abilities he sufficiently acknowledges.

Half form'd, half bred in printers' hireling schools,
 For all professions have their rogues and fools,
 Tho' the pert witling, or the coward knave,
 Casts no reflection on the wise or brave.

Yet, in these leaden times, this idle age,
 When, blind with dulness, or as blind with rage,
 Author 'gainst author rails with venom curst,
 And happy He who calls out blockhead first ;
 From the low earth aspiring genius springs,
 And sails triumphant, born on eagle wings.
 No toothless spleen, no venom'd critic's aim,
 Shall rob thee, Churchill, of thy proper fame ;
 While hitch'd for ever in thy nervous rhyme,
 Fool lives, and shines out fool to latest time.

Pity perhaps might wish a harmless fool
 To scape th' observance of the critic school ;
 But if low malice, leagu'd with folly, rise,
 Arm'd with invectives, and hedg'd round with lies ;
 Should wakeful dulness, if she ever wake,
 Write sleepy nonsense but for writing's sake,
 And, stung with rage, and piously severe,
 Wish bitter comforts to your dying ear ;
 If some small wit, some silk-lin'd verselman, rakes
 For quaint reflections in the putrid jakes,

Talents

Talents usurp'd demand a censor's rage,
A dunce is dunce proscrib'd in ev'ry age.

Courtier, physician, lawyer, parson, cit,
All, all are objects of theatric wit.
Are ye then, Actors, privileg'd alone,
To make that weapon, ridicule, your own?
Professions bleed not from his just attack,
Who laughs at pedant, coxcomb, knave, or quack;
Fools on and off the stage are fools the same,
And every dunce is satire's lawful game.
Freely you thought, where thought has free'st room,
Why then apologize? for what? to whom?

Though Gray's-Inn wits with author squires
unite,
And self-made giants club their labour'd mite,
Though pointless satire make its weak escape,
In the dull babble of a mimic ape,
Boldly pursue where genius points the way,
Nor heed what monthly puny critics say.
Firm in thyself, with calm indifference smile,
When the wise Vet'ran knows you by your stile,
With critic scales weighs out the partial wit,
What I, or You, or He, or no one writ;

Denying thee thy just and proper worth,
 But to give falshood's spurious issue birth ;
 And all self-will'd with lawless hand to raise
 Malicious slander on the base of praise.

Disgrace eternal wait the wretch's name
 Who lives on credit of a borrow'd fame ;
 Who wears the trappings of another's wit,
 Or fathers bantlings which he could not get !
 But shrewd Suspicion with her squinting eye,
 To truth declar'd, prefers a whisper'd lye.
 With greedy mind the proffer'd tale believes,
 Relates her wishes, and with joy deceives.

The World, a pompous name, by custom due
 To the small circle of a talking few,
 With heart-felt glee th' injurious tale repeats,
 And sends the whisper buzzing through the streets,
 The prude demure, with sober faint-like air,
 Pities her neighbour for she's wond'rous fair.
 And when temptations lie before our feet,
 Beauty is frail, and females indiscreet.
 She hopes the nymph will every danger shun,
 Yet prays devoutly—that the deed were done.
 Mean time sits watching for the daily lie,
 As spiders lurk to catch a simple fly.

Yet

Yet is not scandal to one sex confin'd,
 Though men would fix it on the weaker kind.
 Yet, this great lord, creation's master, man,
 Will vent his malice where the blockhead can,
 Imputing crimes, of which e'en thought is free,
 For instance now, your Rosciad, all to me.

If partial friendship, in thy sterling lays,
 Grows all too wanton in another's praise,
 Critics, who judge by ways themselves have known,
 Shall swear the praise, the poem is my own ;
 For 'tis the method in these learned days
 For wits to scribble first, and after praise.
 Critics and Co. thus vend their wretched stuff,
 And help out nonsense by a monthly puff,
 Exalt to giant's forms weak puny elves,
 And descant sweetly on their own dear selves ;
 For works per month by learning's midwives paid,
 Demand a puffing in the way of trade.

Reserv'd and cautious, with no partial aim
 My Muse e'er sought to blast another's fame.
 With willing hand cou'd twine a rival's bays,
 From candour silent where she cou'd not praise.
 But if vile rancour, from (no matter who)
 Actor, or mimic, printer, or Review,

Lies,

Lies, oft o'erthrown, with ceaseless venom spread
 Still his out scandal from their Hydra head,
 If the dull malice boldly walk the town,
 Patience herself wou'd wrinkle to a frown.
 Come then with justice draw the ready pen,
 Give me the works, I wou'd not know the men,
 All in their turns might make reprisals too,
 Had all the patience but to read them through.
 Come, to the utmost, probe the desperate wound,
 Nor spare the knife where'er infection's found !

But, Prudence, Churchill, or her sister, Fear,
 Whispers forbearance to my fright'ned ear.
 Oh ! then with me forsake the thorny road,
 Left we should flounder in some Fleet-Ditch Ode,
 And sunk for ever in the lazy flood
 Weep with the Naiads heavy drops of Mud.

Hail mighty Ode ! which like a picture frame,
 Holds any portrait, and with any name ;
 Or, like your niches, planted thick and thin,
 Will serve to cram the random hero in.

Hail mighty Bard too—whatsoever thy name,
 ——— or Durfy, for it's all the same.

To brother bards shall equal praise belong,
 For wit, for genius, comedy and song?
 No coſtly Muſe is thine, which freely rakes
 With eaſe familiar in the well-known jakes,
 Happy in ſkill to ſouſe through foul and fair,
 And toſs the dung out with a *lordly* air.
 So have I ſeen, amidſt the grinning throng,
 The ſledge proceſſion ſlowly dragg'd along,
 Where the mock female ſhrew and hen-peck'd male
 Scoop'd rich contents from either copious pail,
 Call'd burſts of laughter from the roaring rout,
 And daſh'd and ſplafh'd the filthy grains about.

Quit then, my friend, the Muſes' lov'd abode,
 Alas ! they lead not to preferment's road.
 Be ſolemn, ſad, put on the prieſtly frown,
 Be dull ! 'tis ſacred, and becomes the gown.
 Leave wit to others, do a Chriſtian deed,
 Your foes ſhall thank you, for they know their need.

Broad is the path by learning's ſons poſſeſs'd,
 A thouſand modern wits might walk abreſt,
 Did not each poet mourn his luckleſs doom,
 Joſtled by pedants out of elbow room.
 I, who nor court their love, nor fear their hate,
 Muſt mourn in ſilence o'er the Muſe's fate.

No right of common now on Pindus' hill,
 While all our tenures are by critic's will.
 Where, watchful guardians of the lady muse,
 Dwell monstrous giants, dreadful tall REVIEWS,
 Who, as we read in fam'd romance of yore,
 Sound but a horn, press forward to the door.
 But let some chief, some bold advent'rous knight,
 Provoke these champions to an equal fight,
 Strait into air to spaceless nothing fall
 The castle, lions, giants, dwarf and all.

Ill it befits with undiscerning rage,
 To censure Giants in this polish'd age.
 No lack of genius stains these happy times,
 No want of learning, and no dearth of rhymes,
 The see-saw Muse that flows by *measur'd* laws,
 In tuneful numbers, and affected pause,
 With sound alone, sound's happy virtue fraught,
 Which hates the trouble and expence of thought,
 Once, every moon throughout the circling year,
 With even cadence charms the critic ear.
 While, dire promoter of poetic sin,
 A *Magazine* must hand the lady in.

How *Moderns* write, how nervous, strong and well,
 The ANTI-ROSCIAD's decent Muse *does* tell :

Who,

Who, while she strives to cleanse each actor hurt,
Daubs with her praise, and rubs him into dirt.

Sure never yet was happy æra known
So gay, so wise, so *tasteful* as our own.
Our curious histories rise at once COMPLETE,
Yet still *continued*, as they're paid, per sheet.

See every science which the world wou'd know,
Your Magazines shall every month bestow,
Whose very titles fill the mind with awe,
Imperial, Christian, Royal, British, Law;
Their rich contents will every reader fit,
Statesman, Divine, Philosopher, and Wit;
Compendious schemes ! which teach all things at
once,
And make a pedant coxcomb of a dunce.

But let not anger with such frenzy grow,
Draw canfir like, to strike down friend and foe.
To real worth be homage duly paid,
But no allowance to the paltry trade.
My friends I name not (though I boast a few,
To me an honour, and to letters too)
Fain would I praise, but, when such *Things* oppose,
My praise of course must make them ——'s foes.

If

If manly JOHNSON, with satyric rage,
 Lash the dull follies of a trifling age,
 If his strong Muse with genuine strength aspire,
 Glows not the reader with the poet's fire?
 HIS the true fire, where creep the witling fry
 To warm themselves, and light their rushlights by.

What Muse like GRAY's shall pleasing pensive
 flow
 Attemper'd sweetly to the rustic woe?
 Or who like him shall sweep the Theban lyre,
 And, as his master, pour forth thoughts of fire?

E'en now to guard afflicted learning's cause,
 To judge by reason's rules, and nature's laws,
 Boast we *true critics* in their proper right,
 While LOWTH and Learning, HURD and Taste
 unite.

Hail sacred names!—Oh guard the Muse's page,
 Save your lov'd mistress from a ruffian's rage;
 See how she gasps and struggles hard for life,
 Her wounds all bleeding from the butcher's knife:
 Critics, like surgeons, blest with curious art,
 Should mark each passage to the human heart,
 But

But not, unskilful, yet with lordly air,
Read surgeon's lectures while they scalp and tear.

To names like these I pay the hearty vow,
Proud of their worth, and not ashamed to bow.
To these inscribe my rude, but honest lays,
And feel the pleasures of my conscious praise:
Not that I mean to court each letter'd name,
And poorly glimmer from reflected fame,
But that the Muse, who owns no servile fear,
Is proud to pay her willing tribute here.

EPISTLE TO J. B. ESQ. 1757.

AGAIN I urge my old objection,
 That modern rules obstruct perfection,
 And the severity of Taste
 Has laid the walk of genius waste.
 Fancy's a flight we deal no more in,
 Our authors creep instead of soaring,
 And all the brave imagination
 Is dwindled into declamation.

But still you cry in sober sadness,
 " There is discretion e'en in madness."
 A pithy sentence, which wants credit !
 Because I find a poet said it :
 Their verdict makes but small impression,
 Who are known lyars by profession.
 Rise what exalted flights it will,
 True genius will be genius still ;
 And say, that horse wou'd you prefer,
 Which wants a bridle or a spur ?
 The mettled steed may lose his tricks ;
 The jade grows callous to your kicks.

Had

Had Shakespeare crept by modern rules,
 We'd lost his Witches, Fairies, Fools :
 Instead of all that wild creation,
 He'd form'd a regular plantation,
 A garden trim, and all inclos'd,
 In nicest symmetry dispos'd,
 The hedges cut in proper order,
 Nor e'en a branch beyond the border :
 Now like a forest he appears,
 The growth of twice three hundred years ;
 Where many a tree aspiring shrouds
 Its airy summit in the clouds,
 While round its root still love to twine
 The ivy or wild eglantine.

“ But Shakespeare's all creative fancy
 “ Made others love extravagancy ;
 “ While cloud-capt nonsense was their aim,
 “ Like Hurlothrumbo's mad lord Flame.”
 True — who can stop dull imitators ?
 Those younger brothers of translators,
 Those insects, which from genius rise,
 And buzz about, in swarms, like flies ?
 Fashion, that sets the modes of dress,
 Sheds too her influence o'er the press :

As formerly the sons of rhyme
 Sought Shakespeare's fancy and sublime ;
 By cool correctness now they hope
 To emulate the praise of Pope.
 But Pope and Shakespeare both disclaim
 These low retainers to their fame.

What task can dulness e'er affect
 So easy, as to write *correct*?
 Poets, 'tis said, are sure to split
 By too much or too little wit ;
 So, to avoid th' extremes of either,
 They miss their mark and follow neither ;
 They so exactly poise the scale
 That neither measure will prevail,
 And mediocrity the Muse
 Did never in her sons excuse.
 'Tis true, their tawdry works are grac'd
 With all the charms of modern taste,
 And every senseless line is dress'd
 In quaint expression's tinsel vest.
 Say, did you never chance to meet
 A monsieur-barber in the street,
 Whose ruffle, as it lank depends,
 And dangles o'er his fingers' ends,

His

His olive-tann'd complexion graces
 With little dabs of Dresden laces,
 While for the body Monsieur Puff,
 Wou'd think e'en dowlas fine enough ?
 So fares it with our men of rhymes,
 Sweet tinklers of poetic chimes.
 For lace, and fringe, and tawdry cloaths,
 Sure never yet were greater beaux ;
 But fairly strip them to the shirt,
 They're all made up of rags and dirt.

And shall these wretches bards commence,
 Without or spirit, taste, or sense ?
 And when they bring no other treasure,
 Shall I admire them for their measure ?
 Or do I scorn the critic's rules
 Because I will not learn of fools ?
 Although Longinus' full-mouth'd prose
 With all the force of genius glows ;
 Though Dionysius' learned taste
 Is ever manly, just, and chaste,
 Who, like a skilful wise physician,
 Dissects each part of composition,
 And shews how beauty strikes the soul
 From a just compact of the whole ;

Though judgment, in Quintillian's page,
 Holds forth her lamp for ev'ry age ;
 Yet *Hypercritics* I disdain,
 A race of blockheads dull and vain,
 And laugh at all those empty fools,
 Who cramp a genius with dull rules,
 And what their narrow science mocks.
 Damn with the name of Her'rodox.

These butchers of a poet's fame,
 While they usurp the critic's name,
 Cry — “ This is taste — that's my opinion.”
 And poets dread their mock dominion.

So have you seen with dire affright,
 The petty monarch of the night,
 Seated aloft in elbow chair,
 Command the prisoners to appear,
 Harangue an hour on watchmen's praise,
 And on the dire effect of frays ;
 Then cry, “ You'll suffer for your daring,
 “ And d—n you, you shall pay for swearing.”
 Then turning, tell th' astonish'd ring,
I sit to represent the KING.

EPISTLE TO THE SAME, 1757.

HAS my good dame a wicked child ?

It takes the gentler name of wild.

If chests he breaks, if locks he picks,

'Tis nothing more than youthful tricks.

The mother's fondness stamps it merit,

For vices are a sign of spirit.

Say, do the neighbours think the same

With the good old indulgent dame ?

Cries gossip Prate, " I hear with grief

" My neighbour's son's an arrant thief.

" Nay, cou'd you think it, I am told,

" He stole five guineas, all in gold.

" You know the youth was always wild—

" He got his father's maid with child ;

" And robb'd his master, to defray

" The money he had lost at play.

" All means to save him now must fail.

" What can it end in ? — In a jail."

Howe'er the dame doats o'er her youth,

My gossip says the very truth.

But as his vices love wou'd hide,
 Or torture them to virtue's side,
 So friendship's glafs deceives the eye,
 (A glafs too apt to magnify)
 And makes you *think* at least you see
 Some spark of genius, ev'n in me :
 You say I shou'd get fame. I doubt it :
 Perhaps I am as well without it.
 For what's the worth of empty praise ?
 What poet ever din'd on bays ?
 For though the Laurel, rarest wonder !
 May screen us from the stroke of thunder,
 This mind I ever was, and am in,
 It is no antidote to famine.
 And poets live on slender fare,
 Who, like Cameleons, feed on air,
 And starve, to gain an empty breath,
 Which only serves them after death.

Grant I succeed, like Horace rise,
 And strike my head against the skies ;
 Common experience daily shews,
 That poets have a world of foes ;
 And we shall find in every town
 Gossips enough to cry them down ;

Who

Who meet in pious conversation
 T' anatomize a reputation,
 With flippant tongue, and empty head,
 Who talk of things they never read.

Their idle censures I despise :
 Their niggard praises won't suffice.
 Tempt me no more then to the crime
 Of dabbling in the font of rhyme.
 My Muse has answer'd all her end,
 If her productions please a friend.
 The world is burthen'd with a store,
 Why need I add one scribbler more ?

T O * * * *

ABOUT TO PUBLISH A VOLUME OF MISCELLANIES.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1755.

SINCE now, all scruples cast away,
 Your works are rising into day,
 Forgive, though I presume to send
 This honest counsel of a friend.

Let not your verse, as verse now goes,
 Be a strange kind of measur'd prose ;
 Nor let your prose, which sure is worse,
 Want nought but measure to be verse.
 Write from your own imagination,
 Nor curb your Muse by Imitation :
 For copies shew, howe'er exprest,
 A barren genius at the best.
 —But Imitation's all the mode—
 Yet where one hits, ten miss the road.

The mimic bard with pleasure sees
 Mat. Prior's unaffected ease :

Assumes

Assumes his style, affects a story,
 Sets every circumstance before ye,
 The day, the hour, the name, the dwelling,
 And mars a curious tale in telling :
 Observes how *easy* Prior flows,
 Then runs his numbers down to prose.

Others have sought the filthy stews
 To find a dirty slipshod Muse.
 Their groping genius, while it rakes
 The bogs, the common-sew'rs, and jakes,
 Ordure and filth in rhyme exposes,
 Disgustful to our eyes and noses ;
 With many a dash — that must offend us,
 And much * * * * *
 * * * * *
 * * * * * *Hiatus non descendus.*
 O Swift ! how wouldst thou blush to see,
 Such are the bards who copy Thee ?

This Milton for his plan will chuse :
 Wherein resembling Milton's Muse ?
 Milton, like thunder, rolls along
 In all the majesty of song ;
 While his low mimics meanly creep,
 Not quite awake, nor quite asleep :

Or,

Or, if their thunder chance to roll,
 'Tis thunder of the mustard bowl.
 The stiff expression, phrases strange,
 The epithet's preposterous change,
 Forc'd numbers, rough and unpolite,
 Such as the judging ear affright,
 Stop in mid verse. Ye mimics vile !
 Is't thus ye copy Milton's style ?
 His faults religiously you trace,
 But borrow not a single grace.

How few, (say, whence can it proceed ?)
 Who copy Milton, e'er succeed !
 But all their labours are in vain :
 And wherefore so ? — The reason's plain.
 Take it for granted, 'tis by those
 Milton's the model mostly chose,
 Who can't write verse, and won't write prose. }

Others, who aim at fancy, chuse
 To woo the gentle Spenser's Muse.
 This poet fixes for his theme
 An allegory, or a dream ;
 Fiction and truth together joins
 Through a long waste of flimsy lines ;

Fondly

Fondly believes his fancy glows,
 And image upon image grows ;
 Thinks his strong Muse takes wond'rous flights,
 Whene'er she sings of peerless wights,
 Of dens, of palfreys, spells and knights :
 'Till allegory, Spenser's veil
 T' instruct and please in moral tale,
 With him's no veil the truth to shroud,
 But one impenetrable cloud.

Others, more daring, fix their hope
 On rivaling the fame of Pope.
 Satyr's the word against the times—
 These catch the cadence of his rhymes,
 And borne from earth by Pope's strong wings,
 Their Muse aspires, and boldly flings
 Her dirt up in the face of kings.
 In these the spleen of Pope we find ;
 But where the greatness of his mind ?
 His numbers are their whole pretence,
 Mere strangers to his manly sense.

Some few, the fav'rites of the Muse,
 Whom with her kindest eye she views ;
 Round whom Apollo's brightest rays
 Shine forth with undiminish'd blaze ;

Some

Some few, my friend, have sweetly trod
 In Imitation's dang'rous road.
 Long as Tobacco's mild perfume
 Shall scent each happy curate's room,
 Oft as in elbow-chair he smokes,
 And quaffs his ale, and cracks his jokes,
 So long, O * Brown, shall last thy praise,
 Crown'd with Tobacco-leaf for bays;
 And whoso'er thy verse shall see,
 Shall fill another Pipe to thee.

* Isaac Hawkins Brown, Esq. author of a piece call'd the
 Pipe of Tobacco, a most excellent imitation of six different
 authors.

TO GEORGE COLMAN, ESQ,

A FAMILIAR EPISTLE.

WRITTEN JANUARY, 1, 1761.

FROM TISSINGTON IN DERBYSHIRE.

FRIENDSHIP with most is dead and cool,
A dull, inactive, stagnant pool;
Yours like the lively current flows,
And shares the pleasure it bestows.
If there is ought, whose lenient pow'r
Can sooth affliction's painful hour,
Sweeten the bitter cup of care,
And snatch the wretched from despair,
Superior to the sense of woes,
From friendship's source the balsam flows.
Rich then am I, possess of thine,
Who know that happy balsam mine.

In youth, from nature's genuine heat,
The souls congenial spring to meet,

And

And emulation's infant strife,
 Cements the man in future life.
 Oft too the mind well-pleas'd surveys
 Its progress from its childish days ;
 Sees how the current upwards ran,
 And reads the child o'er in the man.
 For men, in reason's sober eyes,
 Are children, but of larger size,
 Have still their idle hopes and fears,
 And Hobby-Horse of riper years.

Whether a blessing, or a curse,
 My rattle is the love of verse.
 Some fancied parts, and emulation,
 Which still aspires to reputation,
 Bad infant fancy plume her flight,
 And held the laurel full to sight.
 For vanity, the poet's sin,
 Had ta'en possession all within :
 And he whose brain is verse-possess'd,
 Is in himself as highly blest,
 As he, whose lines and circles vie
 With heav'n's direction of the sky.

Howe'er the river rolls its tides,
 The cork upon the surface rides.

And

And on Ink's Ocean, lightly buoy'd,
 That cork of vanity is Lloyd.
 Let *me* too use the common claim
 And fouse at once upon my name,
 Which some have done with greater strefs,
 Who know me, and who love me less.

Poets are very harmless things,
 Unless you tease one till he stings ;
 And when affronts are plainly meant,
 We're bound in honour to resent :
 And what tribunal will deny
 An injur'd person to reply ?

In these familiar emanations,
 Which are but writing conversations,
 Where thought appears in dishabille,
 And fancy does just what she will,
 The fourest critic wou'd excuse
 The vagrant fallies of the Muse :
 Which lady, for Apollo's blessing,
 Has still attended our careffing,
 As many children round her fees
 As maggots in a Cheshire cheese,
 Which I maintain at vast expence,
 Of pen and paper, time and sense :

And

And surely 'twas no small miscarriage
 When first I enter'd into marriage.
 The poet's title which I bear,
 With some strange castles in the air,
 Was all my portion with the fair.

However narrowly I look,
 In Phœbus's *valorem* book,
 I cannot from enquiry find
 Poets had much to leave behind.
 They had a copyhold estate
 In lands which they themselves create,
 A foolish title to a *fountain*,
 A right of common in a *mountain*,
 And yet they liv'd amongst the great,
 More than their brethren do of late ;
 Invited out at feasts to dine,
 Eat as they pleas'd, and drank their wine ;
 Nor is it any where set down
 They tipt the servants half a crown,
 But pass'd amid the waiting throng
 And pay'd the porter with a song ;
 As once, a wag, in modern days,
 When all are in these bribing ways,
 His shillings to dispense unable,
 Scrap'd half the fruit from off the table,

And

And walking gravely thro' the croud,
Which stood obsequiously, and bow'd,
To keep the fashion up of tipping,
Dropt in each hand a golden pippin.

But there's a difference indeed
'Twixt ancient bards and modern breed.
Tho' poet known, in Roman days,
Fearless he walk'd the public ways,
Nor ever knew that sacred name
Contemptuous smile, or painful shame :
While with a foolish face of praise,
The folks wou'd stop to gape and gaze,
And half untold the story leave,
Pulling their neighbour by the sleeve,
While th' index of the finger shews,
—There—yonder's Horace—there he goes.

This finger, I allow it true,
Points at us modern poets too ;
But 'tis by way of wit and joke,
To laugh, or as the phrase is, *smoke*.

Yet there are those, who're fond of wit,
Altho' they never us'd it yet,

VOL. I.

H

Who

Who wits and witlings entertain;
 Of Taste, Virtù, and Judgment vain,
 And dinner, grace, and grace-cup done,
 Expect a wond'rous deal of fun :
 “ Yes — He at bottom — don't you know him ?
 “ That's He that wrote the last new poem.
 “ His Humour's exquisitely high,
 “ You'll hear him open by and by.”

The man in print and conversation
 Have often very small relation ;
 And he, whose humour hits the town,
 When copied fairly, and set down,
 In public company may pass,
 For little better than an ass.
 Perhaps the fault is on his side,
 Springs it from modesty, or pride,
 Those qualities asham'd to own,
 For which he's happy to be known ;
 Or that his nature's strange and shy,
 And diffident, he knows not why ;
 Or from a prudent kind of fear,
 As knowing that the world's severe,
 He wou'd not suffer to escape
 Familiar wit in easy shape :

Left gaping fools, and vile repeaters,
Should catch her up, and spoil her features,
And, for the child's unlucky maim,
The faultless parent come to shame.

Well, but methinks I hear you say,
“ Write then, my friend ! ” — Write what ? — “ a
Play.

“ The theatres are open yet,
“ The market for all sterling wit ;
“ Try the strong efforts of your pen,
“ And draw the characters of men ;
“ Or bid the bursting tear to flow,
“ Obedient to the fabled woe :
“ With Tragedy's severest art,
“ Anatomize the human heart,
“ And, that you may be understood,
“ Bid nature speak, as nature shou'd.”

That talent, George, tho' yet untried,
Perhaps my genius has denied ;
While you, my friend, are sure to please
With all the pow'rs of comic ease.

Authors, like maids at fifteen years,
Are full of wishes, full of fears.

One might by pleasant thoughts be led,
 To lose a trifling maiden-head ;
 But 'tis a terrible vexation
 To give up with it reputation.
 And he, who has with Plays to do,
 Has got the devil to go through.
 Critics have reason for their rules,
 I dread the censure of your fools.
 For tell me, and consult your pride,
 (Set Garrick for a while aside)
 How cou'd you, George, with patience bear,
 The critic prosing in the play'r ?

Some of that calling have I known,
 Who hold no judgment like their own ;
 And yet their reasons fairly scan,
 And separate the wheat and bran ;
 You'd be amaz'd indeed to find,
 What little wheat is left behind.
 For, after all their mighty rout,
 Of chatt'ring round and round about ;
 'Tis but a kind of clock-work talking,
 Like crossing on the stage, and walking.

The form of this tribunal past,
 The play receiv'd, the parts all cast,

Each

Each actor has his own objections,
 Each character, new imperfections :
 The man's is drawn too coarse and rough,
 The lady's has not smut enough.
 It want's a touch of Cibber's ease,
 A higher kind of talk to please ;
 Such as your titled folks would chuse,
 And Lords and Ladyships might use,
 Which stile, whoever would succeed in,
 Must have small wit, and much good breeding,
 If this is dialogue — *ma foi*,
 Sweet Sir, say I, *pardonnez moi !*

As long as life and business last,
 The actors have their several cast,
 A walk where each his talents shews,
 Queens, Nurses, Tyrants, Lovers, Beaux ;
 Suppose you've found a girl of merit,
 Who'd shew your part in all its spirit,
 Take the whole meaning in the scope,
 Some little lively thing, like Pope,
 You rob some others of a feather,
 They've worn for thirty years together.

But grant the cast is as you like,
 To actors which you think will strike,

To-morrow then—(but as you know
 I've ne'er a Comedy to shew,
 Let me a while in conversation,
 Make free with yours for application)
 The arrow's flight can't be prevented—
 To-morrow then, will be presented
 The JEALOUS WIFE! To-morrow? Right;
 How do you sleep, my friend, to-night?
 Have you no pit-pat hopes and fears,
 Roast-beef, and catcalls in your ears?
 Mabb's wheels a-crofs your temples creep,
 You tofs and tumble in your sleep,
 And cry aloud, with rage and spleen,
 " That fellow murders all my scene."

To-morrow comes. I know your merit,
 And see the piece's fire and spirit;
 Yet friendship's zeal is ever hearty,
 And dreads the efforts of a party.

The coach below, the clock gone five,
 Now to the theatre we drive:
 Peeping the curtain's eyelet through,
 Behold the house in dreadful view!
 Observe how close the critics sit,
 And not one bonnet in the pit.

With

With horror hear the galleries ring,
 Nofy! Black Joke! God fave the King! T
 Sticks clatter, catcalls scream, *Encore!*
 Cocks crow, pit hisses, galleries roar:
 E'en *cha' some oranges* is found
 This night to have a dreadful sound:
 'Till, decent fables on his back,
 (Your prologuizers all wear black)
 The prologue comes; and, if its mine,
 Its very good, and very fine.
 If not, I take a pinch of snuff,
 And wonder where you got such stuff.

That done, a-gape the critics sit,
 Expectant of the comic wit.
 The fiddlers play again pell-mell,
 —But hift!—the prompter rings his bell.
 —Down there! hats off!—the curtain draws!
 What follows is—the juft applause.

T W O

T W O O D E S*.

ΦΩΝΑΝΤΑ ΣΥΝΕΤΟΙΣΙΝ· ΕΣ

ΔΕ ΤΟ ΠΑΝ, ΕΡΜΗΝΕΩΝ

ΧΑΤΙΖΕΙ.

PINDAR, Olymp. II.

O D E I.

I. I.

DAUGHTER of Chaos and old Night,
Cimmerian Muse, all hail !

That wrapt in never-twinkling gloom canst write,
And shadowest meaning with thy dusky veil !

What Poet sings, and strikes the strings ?

It was the mighty Theban spoke.

He from the ever-living Lyre

With magic hand elicits fire.

Heard ye the din of Modern Rhimers bray ?

It was cool M——n : or warm G—y,

Involv'd in tenfold smoke.

* I take the liberty of inserting the two following Odes, though I cannot, with strict propriety, print them as my own composition. The truth is, they were written in concert with a friend, to whose labours I am always happy to add my own : I mean the Author of the Jealous Wife.

I. 2.

The shallow Fop in antic vest,
 Tir'd of the beaten road,
 Proud to be singularly drest,
 Changes, with every changing moon, the mode.
 Say, shall not then the heav'n-born Muses too
 Variety pursue?
 Shall not applauding critics hail the vogue?
 Whether the Muse the stile of Cambria's sons,
 Or the rude gabble of the Huns,
 Or the broader dialect
 Of Caledonia she affect,
 Or take, Hibernia, thy still ranker brogue?

I. 3.

On this terrestrial ball
 The tyrant, Fashion, governs all.
 She, fickle Goddess, whom, in days of yore,
 The Idiot Moria, on the banks of Seine,
 Unto an antic fool, hight Andrew, bore.
 Long she paid him with disdain,
 And long his pangs in silence he conceal'd:
 At length, in happy hour, his love-sick pain
 On thy blest Calends, April, he reveal'd.

From

From their embraces sprung,
 Ever changing, ever ranging,
 Fashion, Goddesses ever young.

II. 1.

Perch'd on the dubious height, She loves to ride,
 Upon a weather-cock, astride.
 Each blast that blows, around she goes,
 While nodding o'er her crest,
 Emblem of her magic pow'r,
 The light Cameleon stands confest,
 Changing it's hues a thousand times an hour,
 And in a vest is she array'd,
 Of many a dancing moon-beam made,
 Nor zoneless is her waist :
 But fair and beautiful, I ween,
 As the cestos-cinctur'd Queen,
 Is with the Rainbow's shadowy girdle brac'd.

II. 2.

She bids pursue the fav'rite road
 Of lofty cloud-capt Ode.
 Meantime each Bard, with eager speed,
 Vaults on the Pegasean Steed :

Yet

Yet not that Pegafus, of yore
Which th' illustrious Pindar bore,

But one of nobler breed.

High blood and youth his lufly veins infpire.

From Tottipontimoy He came,

Who knows not, Tottipontimoy, thy name?

The bloody-ſhoulder'd Arab was his Sire.

*His White-nofe. He on fam'd Doncaſtria's plains

Reſign'd his fated breath :

In vain for life the ſtruggling courſer ſtrains.

Ah ! who can run the race with death ?

The tyrant's ſpeed, or man or ſteed,

Strives all in vain to fly.

He leads the chace, he wins the race,

We ſtumble, fall, and die.

II. 3.

Third from Whitenofe ſprings

Pegafus with eagle wings :

Light o'er the plain, as dancing cork,

With many a bound he beats the ground,

* The Author is either miſtaken in this place, or has elſe indulged himſelf in a very unwarrantable poetical licence. Whitenofe was not the Sire, but a Son of the Godolphin Arabian. See my Calendar.

HEBER.

While

While all the Turf with acclamation rings.
He won Northampton, Lincoln, Oxford, York :

He too Newmarket won.

There Granta's Son

Seiz'd on the Steed ;

And thence him led, (so fate decreed)

To where old Cam, renown'd in poet's song,

With his dark and inky waves,

Either bank in silence laves,

Winding slow his sluggish streams along.

III. 1.

What stripling neat, of visage sweet,

In trimmest guise array'd,

First the neighing Steed assay'd ?

His hand a taper switch adorns, his heel

Sparkles refulgent with elastick steel :

The whiles he wins his whiffling way,

Prancing, ambling, round and round,

By hill, and dale, and mead, and greenswerd gay :

Till sated with the pleasing ride,

From the lofty Steed dismounting,

He lies along, enwrapt in conscious pride,

By gurgling rill, or crystal fountain,

III. 2.

Lo! next, a Bard, secure of praise,
 His self-complacent countenance displays.
 His broad Mustachios, ting'd with golden die,
 Flame, like a meteor, to the troubled air:
 Proud his demeanor, and his eagle eye,
 O'er-hung with lavish lid, yet shone with glorious
 glare.

The grizzle grace
 Of bushy peruke shadow'd o'er his face.
 In large wide boots, whose ponderous weight
 Would sink each wight of modern date,
 He rides, well pleas'd. So large a pair
 Not Garagantua's self might wear:
 Not He, of nature fierce and cruel,
 Who, if we trust to antient Ballad,
 Devour'd Three Pilgrims in a Sallad;
 Nor He of fame germane, hight Pantagruel.

III. 3.

Accoutred thus, th' adventurous Youth
 Seeks not the level lawn, or velvet mead,
 Fast by whose side clear streams meandering creep;
 But urges on amain the fiery Steed

Up Snowdon's shaggy side, or Cambrian rock uncouth:

Where the venerable herd

Of Goats, with long and sapient beard,

And wanton Kidlings their blithe revels keep.

Now up the mountain see him strain !

Now down the vale he's tost,

Now flashes on the sight again,

Now in the Palpable Obscure quite lost.

IV. 1.

Man's feeble race eternal dangers wait,

With high or low, all, all, is woe,

Disease, mischance, pale fear, and dubious fate.

But, o'er every peril bounding,

Ambition views not all the hills furrounding,

And, tiptoe on the mountain's steep,

Reflects not on the yawning deep.

IV. 2.

See, see, he soars ! With mighty wings outspread,

And long resounding mane,

The Courser quits the plain.

Aloft in air, see, see him bear

The

The Bard, who shrouds
 His Lyrick Glory in the clouds,
 Too fond to strike the stars with lofty head !
 He topples headlong from the giddy height,
 Deep in the Cambrian Gulph immerg'd in endless
 night.

IV. 3.

O Steed Divine ! what daring spirit
 Rides thee now ? tho' he inherit
 Nor the pride, nor self-opinion,
 Which elate the mighty Pair,
 Each of Taste the fav'rite minion,
 Prancing thro' the desert air ;
 By help mechanick of Equestrian Block,
 Yet shall he mount, with classick housings grac'd,
 And, all unheedful of the Critick Mock,
 Drive his light Courser o'er the bounds of Taste.

O D E T O O B L I V I O N .

I.

* PARENT OF EASE! OBLIVION old,
 Who lov'st thy dwelling-place to hold,
 Where scepter'd Pluto keeps his dreary sway,
 Whose fullen pride the shiv'ring ghosts obey!
 Thou, who delightest still to dwell
 By some hoar and moss-grown cell,
 At whose dank foot Cocytus joys to roll,
 Or Styx' black streams, which even Jove controul!
 Or if it suit thy better will
 To chuse the tinkling weeping rill,
 Hard by whose side the seeded poppy red
 Heaves high in air his sweetly curling head,
 While, creeping in meanders flow,
 Lethe's drowsy waters flow,
 And hollow blasts, which never cease to sigh,
 Hum to each care-struck mind their lulla-lulla-by!

* According to Lillæus, who bestows the Parental Function on Oblivion.

Verba OBLIVISCENDI *regunt* GENITIVUM.

Lib. xiii. Cap. 8.

There is a similar passage in Busbæus.

A prey

A prey no longer let me be
 To that gossip MEMORY,
 Who waves her banners trim, and proudly flies
 To spread abroad her bribble-brabble lies.

With Thee, OBLIVION, let me go,
 For MEMORY's a friend to woe;
 With thee, FORGETFULNESS, fair silent Queen,
 The solemn stole of grief is never seen.

II.

All, all is thine. Thy pow'rful sway
 The throng'd poetic hosts obey.
 Tho' in the van of MEM'RY proud t'appear,
 At thy command they darken in the rear.

What tho' the modern Tragic strain
 For nine whole days protract thy reign,
 Yet thro' the Nine, like whelps of curriish kind,
 Scarcely it lives, weak, impotent, and blind.

Sacred to thee the Crambo Rhime,
 The motley forms of Pantomime :
 For Thee from Eunuch's throat still loves to flow
 The soothing sadness of his warbled woe :

Each day to Thee falls Pamphlet clean :

Each month a new-born Magazine :

VOL. I. I Hear

Hear then, O GODDESS, hear thy vot'ry's pray'r !
 And, if Thou deign'st to take one moment's care,
 Attend Thy Bard ! who duly pays
 The tribute of his votive lays ;
 Whose Muse still offers at thy sacred shrine ;—
 Thy Bard, who calls THEE *His*, and makes him
 THINE.

O, sweet FORGETFULNESS, supreme
 Rule supine o'er ev'ry theme,
 O'er each sad subject, o'er each soothing strain,
 Of mine, O GODDESS, stretch thine awful reign !
 Nor let MEM'RY steal one note,
 Which this rude hand to Thee hath wrote !
 So shalt thou save me from the Poet's shame,
 Tho' on the letter'd Rubric DODSLEY post my Name.

III.

O come ! with opiate poppies crown'd,
 Shedding slumbers soft around !
 O come ! FAT GODDESS, drunk with Lau-
 reat's Sack ! —
 See, where she sits on the benumb'd Torpedo's
 back !
 Me, in thy dull Elysium lapt, O bless
 With thy calm Forgetfulness !

And

And gently lull my senses all the while
With placid poems in the sinking stile !

Whether the Herring-Poet sing,
Great Laureat of the Fishes' King,
Or Lycophron prophetic rave his fill,
Wrapt in the darker strains of Johnny — ;

Or, if HE sing, whose verse affords
A bevy of the *choicest* words,
Who meets his Lady Muse by moss-grown cell,
Adorn'd with epithet and tinkling bell :

These, GODDESS, let me still forget,
With all the dearth of Modern Wit !
So may'st Thou gently o'er my youthful breast,
Spread, with thy welcome hand, OBLIVION'S
friendly vest.

THE PROGRESS OF ENVY.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1751.

I.

AH me ! unhappy state of mortal wight,
 Sith ENVY's sure attendant upon fame,
 Ne doth she rest from rancorous despight,
 Until she works him mickle woe and shame ;
 Unhappy he whom ENVY thus doth spoil,
 Ne doth she check her ever restless hate,
 Until she doth his reputation foil :
 Ah ! luckless imp is he, whose worth elate,
 Forces him pay this heavy tax for being great.

II.

There stood an ancient mount, yclept Parnass,
 (The fair domain of sacred poesy)
 Which, with fresh odours ever-blooming, was
 Besprinkled with the dew of Castaly ;
 Which now in soothing murmurs whisp'ring glides,
 Wat'ring with genial waves the fragrant foil,
 Now rolls adown the mountain's steepy sides,
 Teaching the vales full beauteously to smile,
 Dame NATURE's handy-work, not form'd by
 lab'ring toil.

III.

The MUSES fair, these peaceful shades among,
 With skilful fingers sweep the trembling strings;
 The air in silence listens to the song,
 And TIME forgets to ply his lazy wings;
 Pale-visag'd CARE, with foul unhallow'd feet,
 Attempts the summit of the hill to gain,
 Ne can the hag arrive the blisful feat;
 Her unavailing strength is spent in vain,
 CONTENT sits on the top, and mocks her empty pain.

IV.

Oft PHOEBUS self left his divine abode,
 And here enshrouded in a shady bow'r,
 Regardless of his state, lay'd by the God,
 And own'd sweet Music's more alluring pow'r.
 On either side was plac'd a peerless wight,
 Whose merit long had fill'd the trump of FAME;
 This, FANCY's darling child, was SPENSER hight,
 Who pip'd full pleasing on the banks of Tame;
 That no less fam'd than He, and MILTON was his
 name.

V.

In these cool bow'rs they live supinely calm ;
 Now harmless talk, now emulously sing ;
 While VIRTUE, pouring round her sacred balm,
 Makes happiness eternal as the spring.
 Alternately they sung ; now SPENSER 'gan,
 Of jousts and tournaments, and champions strong ;
 Now MILTON sung of disobedient man,
 And Eden lost : The bards around them throng,
 Drawn by the wond'rous magic of their princes' song.

VI.

Not far from these, Dan CHAUCER, antient wight,
 A lofty seat on Mount Parnassus held,
 Who long had been the Muses' chief delight ;
 His reverend locks were silver'd o'er with eld ;
 Grave was his visage, and his habit plain ;
 And while he sung, fair nature he display'd,
 In verse albeit uncouth, and simple strain ;
 Ne mote he well be seen, so thick the shade,
 Which elms and aged oaks had all around him made.

VII. Next

VII.

Next SHAKESPEARE fat, irregularly great,
 And in his hand a magic rod did hold,
 Which visionary beings did create,
 And turn the foulest dross to purest gold :
 Whatever spirits rove in earth or air,
 Or bad or good, obey his dread command ;
 To his behests these willingly repair,
 Those aw'd by terrors of his magic wand,
 The which not all their pow'rs united might
 withstand.

VIII.

Beside the bard there stood a beauteous maid,
 Whose glittering appearance dimm'd the eyen ;
 Her thin-wrought vesture various tints display'd,
 FANCY her name, ysprung of race divine ;
 Her mantle* wimpled low, her silken hair,
 Which loose adown her well-turn'd shoulders
 stray'd,
 ' She made a net to catch the wanton air,'
 Whose love-sick breezes all around her play'd
 And seem'd in whispers soft to court the heav'nly
 maid.

* *Wimpled*. A word used by Spenser for *hung down*. The line inclosed within Commas is one of Fairfax's in his translation of Tasso.

IX.

And ever and anon she wav'd in air
 A sceptre, fraught with all-creative pow'r :
 She wav'd it round : Eftsoons there did appear
 Spirits and witches, forms unknown before :
 Again she lifts her wonder-working wand ;
 Eftsoons upon the flow'ry plain were seen
 The gay inhabitants of fairie land,
 And blithe attendants upon MAB their queen
 In mystic circles danc'd along th' enchanted green.

X.

On th' other side stood NATURE, goddess fair ;
 A matron seem'd she, and of manners staid ;
 Beauteous her form, majestic was her air,
 In loose attire of purest white array'd :
 A potent rod she bore, whose pow'r was such,
 (As from her darling's works may well be shown)
 That often with its soul-enchancing touch,
 She rais'd or joy, or caus'd the deep-felt groan,
 And each man's passions made subservient to her own.

XI. But

XI.

But lo ! thick fogs from out the earth arise,
 And murky mists the buxom air invade,
 Which with contagion dire infect the skies,
 And all around their baleful influence shed ;
 Th' infected sky, which whilom was so fair,
 With thick Cimmerian darkness is o'erspread ;
 The sun, which whilom shone without compare,
 Muffles in pitchy veil his radiant head,
 And fore the time fore-grieving seeks his wat'ry bed.

XII.

ENVY, the daughter of fell Acheron,
 (The flood of deadly hate and gloomy night)
 Had left precipitate her Stygian throne,
 And thro' the frightened heavens wing'd her flight :
 With careful eye each realm she did explore,
 Ne mote she ought of happiness observe ;
 For happiness, alas ! was now no more,
 Sith ev'ry one from virtue's paths did swerve,
 And trample on religion base designs to serve.

XIII. At

XIII.

At length, on blest Parnassus seated high,
 Their temple circled with a laurel crown,
 SPENSER and MILTON met her scowling eye,
 And turn'd her horrid grin into a frown.
 Full fast unto her sister did she post,
 There to unload the venom of her breast,
 To tell how all her happiness was crost,
 Sith others were of happiness possest :
 Did never gloomy hell send forth like ugly pest.

XIV.

Within the covert of a gloomy wood,
 Where fun'ral cypress star-proof branches spread,
 O'ergrown with tangling briers a cavern stood ;
 Fit place for melancholy * dreary-head.
 Here a deformed monster joy'd to won,
 Which on fell rancour ever was ybent,
 All from the rising to the setting sun,
 Her heart pursued spite with black intent,
 Ne could her iron mind at human woes relent.

* *Dreary-head.* Gloominess.

XV.

In flowing fable stole she was yclad,
 Which with her countenance did well accord;
 Forth from her mouth, like one thro' grief gonemad,
 A frothy sea of nauseous foam was pour'd;
 A ghastly grin and eyes askint, display
 The rancour which her hellish thoughts contain,
 And how, when man is blest, she pines away,
 Burning to turn his happiness to pain;
 MALICE the monster's name, a foe to God and man.

XVI.

Along the floor black loathsome toads still crawl,
 Their gullets swell'd with poison's mortal bane,
 Which ever and anon they spit at all
 Whom hapless fortune leads too near her den;
 Around her waist, in place of filken zone,
 A life-devouring viper rear'd his head,
 Who no distinction made 'twixt friend and foe,
 But death on ev'ry side fierce brandished,
 Fly, reckless mortals, fly, in vain is * hardy-head.

XIX * *Hardy-head.* Courage.

XVII. Im-

XVII.

Impatient ENVY, thro' th' ætherial waste,
 With inward venom fraught, and deadly spite,
 Unto this cavern steer'd her panting haste,
 Enshrouded in a darksome veil of night.
 Her inmost heart burnt with impetuous ire,
 And fell destruction sparkled in her look,
 Her ferret eyes flash'd with revengeful fire,
 A while contending passions utt'rance choke,
 At length the fiend in furious tone her silence broke.

XVIII.

Sister, arise ! see how our pow'r decays,
 No more our empire Thou and I can boast,
 Sith mortal man now gains immortal praise,
 Sith man is blest, and Thou and I are lost :
 See in what state Parnassus' Hill appears ;
 See PHOEBUS' self two happy bards atween ;
 See how the God their song attentive hears ;
 This SPENSER hight, that MILTON, well I ween !
 Who can behold unmov'd like heart-tormenting scene ?

XIX. Sister,

XIX.

Sister, arise ! ne let our courage droop,
 Perforce we will compel these mortals own,
 That mortal force unto our force shall stoop ;
 ENVY and MALICE then shall reign alone :
 'Thou best has known to file thy tongue with lies,
 And to deceive mankind with specious bait :
 Like TRUTH accoutred, spreadest forgeries,
 The fountain of contention and of hate :
 Arise, unite with me, and be as whilom great !

XX.

The Fiend obey'd, and with impatient voice—
 “ Tremble, ye bards, within that blisful seat ;
 “ MALICE and ENVY shall o'erthrow your joys,
 “ Nor PHOEBUS self shall our designs defeat.
 “ Shall We, who under friendship's feigned veil,
 “ Prompted the bold archangel to rebel ;
 “ Shall We, who under shew of sacred zeal,
 “ Plung'd half the pow'rs of heav'n in lowest hell--
 “ Such vile disgrace of us no mortal man shall tell.

XXI. And

XXI.

And now, more hideous render'd to the sight,
 By reason of her raging cruelty,
 She burnt to go, equipt in dreadful plight,
 And find fit engine for her forgery.
 Her eyes inflam'd did cast their rays askance,
 While hellish imps prepare the monster's car,
 In which she might cut thro' the wide expanse,
 And find out nations that extended far,
 When all was pitchy dark, ne twinkled one bright star.

XXII.

Black was her chariot, drawn by dragons dire,
 And each fell serpent had a double tongue,
 Which ever and anon spit flaming fire,
 The regions of the tainted air among;
 A lofty seat the sister-monsters bore,
 In deadly machinations close combin'd,
 Dull FOLLY drove with terrible uproar,
 And cruel DISCORD follow'd fast behind;
 God help the man 'gainst whom such caitiff foes are
 join'd.

XXIII. Aloft

XXIII.

Aloft in air the rattling chariot flies,
 While thunder harshly grates upon its wheels;
 Black pointed spires of smoke around them rise,
 The air depress'd unusual burthen feels;
 Detested sight! in terrible array,
 They spur their fiery dragons on amain,
 Ne mote their anger suffer cold delay,
 Until the wish'd-for region they obtain,
 And land their dingy car on Caledonian plain.

XXIV.

Here, eldest son of MALICE, long had dwelt
 A wretch of all the joys of life forlorn;
 His fame on double falsties was built:
 (Ah! worthless son, of worthless parent born!)
 Under the shew of semblance fair, he veil'd
 The black intentions of his hellish breast;
 And by these guileful means he more prevail'd
 Than had he open enmity profess'd;
 The wolf more safely wounds when in sheep's
 cloathing drest.

XXV. Him

XXV.

Him then themselves atween they joyful place,
 (Sure sign of woe when such are pleas'd, alas !)
 Then measure back the air with swifter pace,
 Until they reach the foot of Mount Parnass.
 Hither in evil hour the monsters came,
 And with their new companion did alight,
 Who long had lost all sense of virtuous shame,
 Beholding worth with poisonous despight ;
 On his success depends their impious delight.

XXVI.

Long burnt He fore the summit to obtain,
 And spread his venom o'er the blisful seat ;
 Long burnt He fore, but still He burnt in vain ;
 Mote none come there, who come with impious feet.
 At lenth, at unawares, he out doth spit
 That spite which else had to himself been bane ;
 The venom on the breast of MILTON lit,
 And spread benumbing death thro' every vein ;
 The Bard of life bereft fell senseless on the plain.

XXVII. As

XXVII.

As at the banquet of Thyestes-old,
 The sun is said t' have shut his radiant eye,
 So did he now thro' grief his beams with-hold,
 And darkness to be felt o'erwhelm'd the sky;
 Forth issued from their dismal dark abodes
 The birds attendant upon hideous night,
 Shriek-owls and ravens, whose fell croaking bodes
 Approaching death to miserable wight:
 Did never mind of man behold like dreadful fight?

XXVIII.

APOLLO wails his darling, done to die
 By foul attempt of ENVY's fatal bane;
 The MUSES sprinkle him with dew of Castaly,
 And crown his death with many a living strain;
 Hoary PARNASSUS beats his aged breast,
 Aged, yet ne'er before did sorrow know;
 The flowers drooping their despair attest,
 Th' aggrieved rivers querulously flow;
 All nature sudden groan'd with sympathetic woe.

XXIX.

But, lo ! the sky a gayer livery wears,
 The melting clouds begin to fade apace,
 And now the cloak of darkness disappears,
 (May darkness ever thus to light give place !)
 Erst griev'd APOLLO jocund looks resumes,
 The NINE renew their whilom chearful song,
 No grief PARNASSUS' aged breast consumes,
 Forth from the teeming earth new flowers sprong,
 The plenteous rivers flow'd full peacefully along.

XXX.

The stricken Bard fresh vital heat renews,
 Whose blood, erst stagnate, rushes thro' his veins;
 Life thro' each pore her spirit doth infuse,
 And FAME by MALICE unextinguish'd reigns :
 And see, a form breaks forth, all heav'nly bright,
 Upheld by one of mortal progeny,
 A Female Form, yclad in snowy white,
 Ne half so fair at distance seen as nigh ;
 DOUGLAS and TRUTH appear, ENVY and LAUDER
 die.

P R O-

P R O L O G U E

T O T H E

J E A L O U S W I F E.

S P O K E N B Y M R. G A R R I C K.

THE JEALOUS WIFE! a Comedy! poor man!
 A charming subject! but a wretched plan.
 His skittish wit, o'erleaping the due bound,
 Commits flat trespass upon tragic ground.
 Quarrels, upbraidings, jealousies, and spleen,
 Grow too familiar in the comic scene.
 Tinge but the language with heroic chime,
 'Tis Passion, Pathos, Character, Sublime!
 What round big words had swell'd the pompous scene,
 A king the husband, and the wife a queen!
 Then might Distraction rend her graceful hair,
 See sightless forms, and scream, and gape, and stare.
 Drawcanfir death had rag'd without controul,
 Here the drawn dagger, there the poison'd bowl.
 What eyes had stream'd at all the whining woe!
 What hands had thunder'd at each *Hab!* and *Oh!*

But peace ! the gentle prologue custom sends,
 Like drum and serjeant, to beat up for friends.
 At vice and folly, each a lawful game,
 Our author flies, but with no *partial* aim.
 He read the manners, open as they lie
 In nature's volume to the general eye.
 Books too he read, nor blush'd to use their store.—
 He does but what his betters did before.
 Shakespeare has done it, and the Grecian stage
 Caught truth of character from Homer's page.

If in his scenes an honest skill is shewn,
 And borrowing, little, much appears his own ;
 If what a master's happy pencil drew
 He brings more forward, in dramatic view ;
 To your decision he submits his cause,
 Secure of candour, anxious for applause.

But if, all rude, his artless scenes deface
 The simple beauties which he meant to grace ;
 If, an invader upon others' land,
 He spoil and plunder with a robber's hand,
 Do justice on him !—As on fools before,
 And give to *Blockheads* past one *Blockhead* more.

P R O L O G U E,

INTENDED TO HAVE BEEN SPOKEN AT DRURY-
LANE THEATRE, ON HIS MAJESTY'S BIRTH-
DAY, 1761.

GENIUS, neglected, mourns his wither'd bays ;
But soars to heav'n from virtue's generous praise.
When Kings themselves the proper judges sit
O'er the blest realms of science, arts and wit,
Each eager breast beats high for glorious fame,
And emulation glows with active flame.
Thus, with Augustus rose imperial Rome,
For arms renown'd abroad, for arts at home.
Thus, when Eliza fill'd Britannia's throne,
What arts, what learning was not then our own ?
Then finew'd Genius, strong and nervous rose,
In Spenser's numbers, and in Raleigh's prose ;
On Bacon's lips then every science hung,
And Nature spoke from her own Shakespeare's
tongue.

Her patriot smiles fell, like refreshing dews,
To wake to life each pleasing useful Muse,
While every virtue which the Queen profess'd,
Beam'd on her subjects, but to make them blest.

O glorious times!—O theme of praise divine!
—Be happy, Briton, then—such times are thine.

Behold e'en now strong science imp's her wing,
And arts revive beneath a Patriot King.
The Muses too burst forth with double light,
To shed their lustre in a Monarch's sight.
His cheering smiles alike to all extend—
Perhaps *this spot* may boast a Royal Friend.
And when a Prince, with early judgment grac'd,
Himself shall marshal out the way to taste,
Caught with the flame perhaps e'en *here* may rise
Some powerful genius of uncommon size,
And, pleas'd with nature, nature's depths explore,
And be what our great Shakespeare was before.

O D E

O D E

SPOKEN ON A PUBLIC OCCASION AT
WESTMINSTER SCHOOL.

NOR at Apollo's vaunted shrine,
Nor to the fabled Sisters Nine,
Offers the youth his ineffectual vow.
Far be their rites !—Such worship fits not now ;
When at Eliza's sacred name
Each breast receives the present flame :
While eager genius plumes her infant wings,
And with bold impulse strikes th' accordant strings,
Reflecting on the crouded line
Of mitred sages, bards divine,
Of patriots, active in their country's cause,
Who plan her councils, or direct her laws.

Oh Memory ! how thou lov'st to stray,
Delighted, o'er the flow'ry way
Of childhood's greener years ! when simple youth
Pour'd the pure dictates of ingenuous truth !
'Tis then the souls congenial meet,
Inspir'd with friendship's genuine heat,

Ere interest, frantic zeal, or jealous art,
Have taught the language foreign to the heart.

'Twas *here*, in many an early strain
Dryden first try'd his classic vein,
Spurr'd his strong genius to the distant goal,
In wild effusions of his manly soul;
When Busby's skill, and judgment sage,
Repress'd the poet's frantic rage,
Cropt his luxuriance bold, and blended taught
The flow of numbers with the strength of thought.

Nor, Cowley, be thy Muse forgot! which strays
In wit's ambiguous flowery maze,
With many a pointed turn and studied art:
Tho' affectation blot thy rhyme,
Thy mind was lofty and sublime,
And manly honour dignified thy heart:
Though fond of wit, yet firm to virtue's plan,
The *Poet's* trifles ne'er disgrac'd the *Man*.

Well might thy morals sweet engage
Th' attention of the Mitred Sage,
Smit with the plain simplicity of truth.
For not ambition's giddy strife,
The gilded toys of public life,
Which snare the gay unstable youth,

Cou'd lure Thee from the sober charms,
Which lapt thee in retirements' arms,
Whence Thou, untainted with the pride of state,
Coud'st smile with pity on the bustling Great.

Such were Eliza's sons. Her fost'ring care
Here bad free genius tune his grateful song;
Which else had wafted in the desert air,
Or droop'd unnotic'd 'mid the vulgar throng.

—Ne'er may her youth degenerate shame
The glories of Eliza's name !
But with the poet's frenzy bold,
Such as inspir'd her bards of old,
Pluck the green laurel from the hand of fame !

ARCADIA. A DRAMATIC PASTORAL.

SCENE I. A view of the country.

S H E P H E R D S A N D S H E P H E R D E S S E S.

C H O R U S.

SHEPHERDS, buxom, blithe and free,
Now's the time for jollity.

S Y L V I A.

A I R.

Hither haste, and bring along
Merry tale and jocund song.
To the pipe and tabor beat
Frolic measures with your feet.
Ev'ry gift of time employ ;
Make the most of proffer'd joy.
Pleasure hates the scanty rules
Portion'd out by dreaming fools.

C H O R U S.

Shepherds, buxom, blithe and free,
Now's the time for jollity.

[A dance of Shepherds, &c.]

S Y L V I A.

R E C I T A T I V E.

Rejoice, ye happy swains, rejoice ;
 It is the heart that prompts the voice.
 Be sorrow banish'd far away ;
 Thyrsis shall make it holy-day.
 Who at his name can joy suppress ?
 ARCADIAN-BORN to rule and bless.

D A M O N.

And hark ! from rock to rock the sound
 Of winding horn, and deep-mouth'd hound,
 Breaking with rapture on the ear,
 Proclaims the blithsome Phœbe near :
 See where she hastes with eager pace,
 To speak the joys that paint her face.

S C E N E II. Opens to a prospect of rocks.

Huntsmen, Huntresses, &c. coming down from them.

P H O E B E.

Hither I speed with honest glee,
 Such as befits the mind that's free ;

Your

Your chearful troop, blithe youth, to join,
 And mix my social joys with thine.
 Now may each nymph, and frolic swain,
 O'er mountain steep, or level plain,
 Court buxom health, while jocund horn
 Bids echo wake the sluggard morn.

A I R.

When the morning peeps forth, and the zephyr's
 cool gale,
 Carries fragrance and health over mountain and dale;
 Up, ye nymphs, and ye swains, and together we'll
 rove,
 Up hill, down the valley, by thicket or grove :
 Then follow with me, where the welkin resounds
 With the notes of the horns, and the cry of the
 hounds.

Let the wretched be slaves to ambition and wealth;
 All the blessing we ask is the blessing of health.
 So shall innocence self give a warrant to joys
 No envy disturbs, no dependance destroys.
 Then follow with me, where the welkin resounds
 With the notes of the horn, and the cry of the
 hounds.

O'er

O'er hill, dale, and woodland, with rapture we
 roam ;
 Yet returning, still find the dear pleasures at home ;
 Where the chearful good humour gives honesty grace,
 And the heart speaks content in the smiles of the face.
 Then follow with me, where the welkin resounds
 With the notes of the horn, and the cry of the
 hounds.

D A M Æ T A S.

R E C I T A T I V E.

Small care, my friends, your youth annoys,
 Which only looks to present joys.

S Y L V I A.

Though the white locks of silver'd age,
 And long experience hail thee sage ;
 Ill suits it in this joy, to wear
 A brow so over-hung with care.
 Better with us thy voice to raise,
 And join a whole Arcadia's praise.

D A M Æ T A S.

With you I joy that Thyrsis reigns
 The guardian o'er his native plains :

But

But praise is scanty to reveal
The speaking blessings all must feel.

D A M O N.

True, all must feel — but thanks too ?
Nor give to virtue, virtue's due ?
My grateful heart shall ever shew
The debt I need not blush to owe.

A I R.

That I go where I list, that I sing what I please,
That my labour's the price of contentment and ease,
That no care from abroad my retirement annoys,
That at home I can taste the true family joys,
That my kids wanton safely o'er meadows and rocks,
That my sheep graze secure from the robber or fox ;
These are blessings I share with the rest of the swains,
For it's Thyrsis who gave them, and Thyrsis maintains.

D A M Æ T A S.

R E C I T A T I V E.

Perish my voice, if e'er I blame
Thy duty to our guardian's name !

His

His active talents I revere,
 But eye them with a jealous fear.
 Intent to form our bliss alone,
 The generous youth forgets his own ;
 Nor e'er his busy mind employs
 To find a partner of his joys.
 So might his happy offspring own
 The virtues which their sire hath shewn.

A I R.

With joy the parent loves to trace
 Resemblance in his children's face :
 And as he forms their docile youth
 To walk the steady paths of truth,
 Observes them shooting into men,
 And lives in them life o'er again.

While active sons, with eager flame,
 Catch virtue at their father's name ;
 When full of glory, full of age,
 The parent quits this busy stage,
 What in the sons we most admire,
 Calls to new life the honour'd fire.

SYLVIA.

S Y L V I A.

R E C I T A T I V E.

O prudent Sage forgive the zeal
Of thoughtless youth. With thee I feel,
The glories now Arcadia shares
May but embitter future cares.

Oh mighty Pan ! attend Arcadia's voice,
Inspire, direct, and sanctify his choice.

A I R.

So may all thy sylvan train,
Dryad, nymph, and rustic faun,
To the pipe and merry strain,
Trip it o'er the russet lawn !
May no thorn or bearded grass
Hurt their footsteps as they pass,
Whilst in gambols round and round
They sport it o'er the shaven ground !

Though thy Syrinx, like a dream,
Flying at the face of day,
Vanish'd in the limpid stream,
Bearing all thy hopes away,

If

If again thy heart should burn,
 In careſſing,
 Bleſt, and bleſſing,
 May'ſt thou find a wiſh'd return.

C H O R U S.

O mighty Pan ! attend Arcadia's voice,
 Inſpire, direct, and ſanctify his choice.
 [A dance of huntſmen and huntreſſes.

D A M A E T A S.

R E C I T A T I V E.

Peace, ſhepherds, peace, with jocund air,
 Which ſpeaks a heart unknown to care,
 Young Delia haſtes. The glad ſurprize
 Of rapture ſaſhing from her eyes.

E N T E R D E L I A.

D E L I A.

A I R.

Shepherds, ſhepherds, come away ;
 Sadneſs were a ſin to-day.

Let the pipe's merry notes aid the skill of the voice ;
For our wishes are crown'd, and our hearts shall
rejoice.

Rejoice, and be glad ;

For sure he is mad

Who, where mirth and good humour, and har-
mony's found,

Never catches the smile, nor let pleasure go round.

Let the stupid be grave,

'Tis the vice of the slave ;

But can never agree

With a maiden like me,

Who is born in a country that's happy and free.

D A M Æ T A S.

R E C I T A T I V E.

What means this rapture, Delia ? Shew

Th' event our bosoms burn to know.

D E L I A.

Now as I trod yon verdant side,

Where Ladon rolls its silver tide,

All gayly deck'd in gorgeous state,

Sail'd a proud barge of richest freight :

Where

Where sat a nymph, more fresh and fair
 Than blossoms which the morning air
 Steals perfume from ; the modest grace
 Of maiden blush bespread her face.
 Hither it made, and on this strand
 Pour'd its rich freight for shepherds' land.
 Ladon, for this, smooth flow thy tide !
 The precious freight was Thyrsis' bride.

D A M Æ T A S.

R E C I T A T I V E.

Stop, shepherds, if aright I hear,
 The sounds of joy proclaim them near :
 Lets meet them, friends, I'll lead the way ;
 Joy makes me young again to-day.

S C E N E III.

A view of the sea, with a vessel at a distance.

[Here follows a Pastoral Procession to the
 wedding of Thyrsis.]

P R I E S T.

R E C I T A T I V E.

Mighty Pan ! with tender care,
 View this swain and virgin fair ;

May they ever thus impart
 Just return of heart for heart.
 May the pledges of their blifs
 Climb their knees to share the kifs.
 May their steady blooming youth,
 While they tread the paths of truth,
 Virtues catch from either fide,
 From the bridegroom and the bride.

C H O R U S.

May their steady blooming youth,
 While they tread the paths of truth,
 Virtues catch from either fide,
 From the bridegroom and the bride.

AN EPISTLE TO MR. COLMAN.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1756.

Y O U know, dear George, I'm none of those
 That condescend to write in prose ;
 Inspir'd with pathos and sublime,
 I always soar—in doggrel rhyme,
 And scarce can ask you how you do,
 Without a jingling line or two.
 Besides, I always took delight in
 What bears the name of *easy writing* ;
 Perhaps the reason makes it please
 Is, that I find it's writ with ease.

I vent a notion here in private,
 Which public taste can ne'er connive at,
 Which thinks no wit or judgment greater
 Than Addison and his Spectator,
 Who says (it is no matter where,
 But that he says it, I can swear)
 With *easy verse* most Bards are smitten,
 Because they think it's *easy written* ;
 Whereas the *easier* it appears,
 The greater marks of *care* it wears ;

Of which, to give an explanation,
 Take this by way of illustration :
 The fam'd Mat Prior, it is said,
 Oft bit his nails, and scratch'd his head,
 And chang'd a thought a hundred times,
 Because he did not like the rhymes.
 To make my meaning clear, and please ye,
 In short, he *labour'd* to write *easy*.
 And yet, no critic e'er defines
 His poems into labour'd lines.
 I have a simile will hit him ;
 His verse, like clothes, was made to fit him,
 Which (as no Taylor e'er denied)
 The better fit, the more they're tried.

Though I have mention'd Prior's name,
 Think not I aim at Prior's fame.
 'Tis the result of admiration
 To spend itself in imitation ;
 If imitation may be said,
 Which is in me by nature bred,
 And you have better proofs than these,
 That I'm idolater of *ease*.

Who, but a madman, would engage
 A Poet in the present age ?

Write

Write what we will, our works bespeak us

Imitatores, servum Pecus.

Tale, Elegy, or lofty Ode,

We travel in the beaten road.

The proverb still sticks closely by us,

Nil dictum, quod non dictum prius.

The only comfort that I know

Is, that 'twas said an age ago,

Ere Milton soar'd in thought sublime,

Ere Pope refin'd the chink of rhyme,

Ere Colman wrote in stile so pure,

Or the great TWO the CONNOISSEUR;

Ere I burlesqu'd the rural cit,

Proud to hedge in my scraps of wit,

And happy in the close connexion,

T' acquire some name from their reflexion;

So (the similitude is trite)

The moon still shines with borrow'd light,

And, like the race of modern beaux,

Ticks with the sun for her lac'd clothes.

Methinks there is no better time

To shew the use I make of rhyme,

Than now, when I, who from beginning

Was always fond of couplet-finning,

Prefuming on good-nature's score,
Thus lay my bantling at your door.

The first advantage which I see,
Is, that I ramble loose and free :
The Bard indeed full oft complains,
That rhymes are *fetters, links, and chains,*
And when he wants to leap the fence,
Still keep him pris'ner to the sense.
Howe'er in common-place he rage,
Rhyme's like your *fetters* on the *stage,*
Which when the player once hath wore,
It makes him only strut the more,
While, raving in pathetic strains,
He shakes his legs to clank his chains.

From rhyme, as from a handsome face,
Nonsense acquires a kind of grace ;
I therefore give it all its scope,
That sense may unperceiv'd elope :
So ministers of basest tricks
(I love a fling at *politicks*)
Amuse the nation, court, and king,
With breaking F—kes, and hanging Byng ;
And make each *puny* rogue a prey,
While they, the *greater*, flink away.

This

This simile perhaps would strike,
 If match'd with something more alike;
 Then take it dress'd a second time
 In Prior's ease, and *my* sublime.
 Say, did you never chance to meet
 A mob of people in the street,
 Ready to give the robb'd relief,
 And all in haste to catch a thief,
 While the sly rogue, who filch'd the prey,
 Too close beset to run away,
 Stop thief! stop thief! exclaims aloud,
 And so escapes among the croud?
 So Ministers, &c.

O England, how I mourn thy fate!
 For sure thy losses now are great;
 Two such what Briton can endure,
 Minorca and the Connoisseur!

To-day, before the sun goes down,
 Will die the Cenfor, Mr. TOWN!
 He dies, whoe'er takes pains to con him,
 With blushing honours thick upon him;
 O may his name these verses save,
 Be these inscrib'd upon his grave!

Know,

Know, reader, that on Thursday died
 The CONNOISSEUR, a suicide !
 Yet think not that his soul is fled,
 Nor rank him 'mongst the vulgar dead,
 Howe'er defunct you set him down,
 He's only *going out of Town*.

T H E P U F F.

A DIALOGUE BETWEEN THE BOOKSELLER
AND AUTHOR.

BOOKSELLER.

MUSEUM, sir! that's not enough.

New works, we know, require a Puff;

A title to entrap the eyes,

And catch the reader by surprize:

As gaudy signs, which hang before

The tavern or the alehouse door,

Hitch every passer's observation,

Magnetic in their invitation.

—That SHAKESPEARE is prodigious fine!

Shall we step in, and taste the wine?

Men, women, houses, horses, books,

All borrow credit from their looks.

Externals have the gift of striking,

And lure the fancy into liking.

AUTHOR.

Oh! I perceive the thing you mean—

Call it *St. James's Magazine*.

BOOK-

BOOKSELLER.

Or the *New British*—

AUTHOR.

Oh! no more.

One name's as good as half a score.
 And titles oft give nothing less
 Than what they *staringly* profess.
 Puffing, I grant, is all the mode;
 The common hackney turnpike road:
 But custom is the blockhead's guide,
 And such low arts disgust my pride.
 Success on merit's force depends,
 Not on the partial voice of friends;
 Not on the *seems*, that bully sin;
 But that *which passeth shew within*:
 Which bids the warmth of friendship glow,
 And wrings conviction from a foe.—
Deserve Success, and proudly claim,
 Not *steal* a passage into fame.

BOOKSELLER.

Your method, sir, will never do;
 You're right in theory, it's true.
 But then, experience in *our* trade
 Says, there's no harm in some parade.
 Suppose we said, by Mr. Lloyd?

AUTHOR.

The very thing I wou'd avoid;

And would be rather pleas'd to own
 Myself unknowing, and unknown :
 What could th' unknowing muse expect,
 But information or neglect ?
 Unknown — perhaps her reputation
 Escapes the tax of defamation,
 And wrapt in darkness, laughs unhurt,
 While *critic* blockheads throw their dirt :
 But he who madly prints his name,
 Invites his foe to take sure aim.

BOOKSELLER.

True — but a name will always bring
 A better sanction to the thing :
 And all your scribbling foes are such,
 Their censure cannot hurt you much ;
 And, take the matter ne'er so ill,
 If *you* don't print it, sir, *they* will.

AUTHOR.

Well, be it so — that struggle's o'er —
 Nay, — this shall prove one spur the more.
 Pleas'd if success attends, if not,
 I've *writ my name, and made a blot.*

BOOKSELLER.

But a good print.

AUTHOR.

The print ? why there
 I trust to honest LEACH's care.

What is't to me? in verse or prose,
 I find the stuff, you make the cloaths:
 And paper, print, and all such drefs,
 Will lose no credit from *his* press.

BOOKSELLER.

You quite mistake the thing I mean,
 —I'll fetch you, sir, a MAGAZINE;
 You see that picture there,—the QUEEN.

AUTHOR.

A dedication to her too!
 What will not folly dare to do?
 O days of art! when happy skill
 Can raise a likeness whence it will;
 When portraits ask no REYNOLD's aid,
 And queens and kings are ready made.

No, no, my friend, by helps like these,
 I cannot wish my work should please;
 No pictures taken from the life,
 Where all proportions are at strife;
 No HUMMING-BIRD, no PAINTED FLOWER,
 No BEAST just landed in the TOWER,
 No WOODEN NOTES, no COLOUR'D MAP,
 No COUNTRY-DANCE shall stop a gap;
 O PHILOMATH, be not severe,
 If not one problem meets you here;

Where

Where gossip A, and neighbour B,
 Pair, like good friends, with C and D;
 And E F G, H I K join;
 And curve and *incidental* line
 Fall out, fall in, and cross each other,
 Just like a sister and a brother.
 Ye *tiny* poets, *tiny* wits,
 Who frisk about on *tiny* tits,
 Who words disjoin, and sweetly sing,
Take one third part, and take the thing;
 Then close the joints again, to frame
 Some LADY's, or some CITY's name,
 Enjoy your own, your proper *Phæbus*;
 We neither make, nor print a REBUS.
 No CRAMBO, no ACROSTIC fine,
 Great letters lacing down each line;
 No strange CONUNDRUM, no invention
 Beyond the reach of comprehension,
 No RIDDLE, which whoe'er unties,
 Claims twelve MUSEUMS for the PRIZE,
 Shall strive to please you, at th' expence
 Of simple taste, and common sense.

BOOKSELLER.

But would not ORNAMENT produce
 Some real grace, and proper use?

A FRON-

A FRONTISPIECE would have its weight,
Neatly engrav'd on copper-plate.

A U T H O R.

Plain letter-press shall do the feat,
What need of foppery to be neat?
The Paste-board Guard delights me more,
That stands to watch a bun-house door,
Than such a mockery of grace,
And ornament so out of place.

B O O K S E L L E R.

But one word more, and I have done —
A PATENT might insure its run.

A U T H O R.

Patent ! for what ! can patents give
A Genius ? or make blockheads live ?
If so, O hail the glorious plan !
And buy it at what price you can.
But what alas ! will that avail,
Beyond the *property* of sale ?
A property of little worth,
If weak our produce at its birth.
For fame, for honest fame we strive,
But not to struggle half alive,
And drag a miserable being,
Its end still fearing and foreseeing.

Oh !

Oh ! may the flame of genius blaze,
 Enkindled with the breath of praise !
 But far be ev'ry fruitless puff,
 To blow to light a dying snuff.

BOOKSELLER.

But should not something, sir, be said,
 Particular on ev'ry head ?
 What your ORIGINALS will be,
 What *infinite* variety,
Multum in Parvo, as they say,
 And something neat in every way ?

AUTHOR.

I wish there could—but that depends
 Not on myself, so much as friends.
 I but set up a new machine,
 With harness tight, and furnish'd clean ;
 Where such, who think it no disgrace,
 To send in time, and take a place,
 The book-keeper shall minute down,
 And I with pleasure drive to town.

BOOKSELLER.

Ay, tell them that, sir, and then say,
 What letters come in every day ;
 And what great *Wits* your care procures,
 To join their social hands with yours.

VOL. I. M A U-

A U T H O R.

What! must I huge propofals print,
 Merely to drop some faucy hint,
 That real folks of real fame
 Will give their works, and not their name?
 —This Puff's of use, you say — why let it,
 We'll boast fuch friendship when we get it.

B O O K S E L L E R.

Get it! Ah, fir, you do but jest,
 You'll have affiftance, and the best.
 There's CHURCHILL — will not CHURCHILL lend
 Affiftance?

A U T H O R.

Surely — to his FRIEND.

B O O K S E L L E R.

And then your interest might procure
 Something from either CONNOISSEUR.
 COLMAN and THORNTON, both will join
 Their focial hand, to ftrengthen thine:
 And when your name appears in print,
 Will GARRICK *never* drop a hint?

A U T H O R.

True, I've indulg'd fuch hopes before,
 From thofe you name, and many more;
 And they, perhaps, again will join
 Their hand, if not afham'd of mine.

Bold

Bold is the task we undertake,
 The friends we wish, the *WORK* must make :
 For Wits, like adjectives, are known
 To cling to that which stands alone.

BOOKSELLER.

Perhaps too, in our way of trade,
 We might procure some useful aid ;
 Could we engage some able pen,
 To furnish matter now and then ;
 There's — what's his name, sir ? wou'd compile,
 And methodize the news in *style*.

AUTHOR.

Take back your newsmen whence he came,
 Carry your crutches to the lame.

BOOKSELLER.

You must enrich your book, indeed !
 Bare *MERIT* never will succeed ;
 Which readers are not now a-days,
 By half so apt to buy, as praise ;
 And praise is hardly worth pursuing,
 Which tickles authors to their ruin.
 Books shift about, like ladies' dresses,
 And there's a fashion in success.
 But could not we, like little *Bayes*,
 Armies *imaginary* raise ?

M 2

And

And bid our generals take the field,
 To head the troops that lie conceal'd ?
 Bid *General* ESSAY lead the van,
 By—Oh ! the *Style* will shew the man :
 Bid *Major* SCIENCE bold appear,
 With all his pot-hooks in the rear.

A U T H O R.

True, true—our NEWS, our PROSE, our RHYMES,
 Shall shew the colour of the times ;
 For which most salutary ends,
 We've fellow-foldiers, fellow-friends.
 For city, and for court affairs,
 My lord duke's butler, and the mayor's.
 For politics—eternal talkers,
 Profound observers, and park-walkers.
 For plays, great actors of renown,
 (Lately or just arriv'd in town)
 Or some, in state of abdication,
 Of oratorical reputation ;
 Or those who live on scraps and bits,
 Mere green-room wasps, and Temple wits ;
 Shall teach you, in a page or two,
 What GARRICK should, or should not do.
 Trim poets from the *City* desk,
 Deep vers'd in *rural* picturesque,

Who

Who minute down, with wond'rous pains,
 What RIDER's Almanack contains
 On flow'r and seed, and wind, and weather,
 And bind them in an *Ode* together;
 Shall thro' the seasons monthly sing
Sweet WINTER, AUTUMN, SUMMER, SPRING.

BOOKSELLER.

Ah, fir! I see you love to jest,
 I did but hint things for the best.
 Do what you please, 'tis *your* design,
 And if it fails, no blame is mine;
 I leave the management to you,
 Your servant, fir,

AUTHOR.

I'm yours,—Adieu.

C H I T - C H A T,

AN IMITATION OF THEOCRITUS.

IDYLL. XV. Ἐνδοῖ Πραξίμα, &c.

M R S. B R O W N.

IS Mistress SCOT at home, my dear?

S E R V A N T.

MA'M, is it you? I'm glad you're here.
My *Misses*, tho' resolv'd to wait,
Is quite *unpatient*—'tis so late,
She fancy'd you would not come down,
—But pray walk in, MA'M—Mrs. BROWN.

M R S. S C O T.

Your servant, MADAM. Well, I swear
I'd giv'n you over—Child, a chair.
Pray, MA'M, be seated.

M R S. B R O W N.

Lard! my dear,
I vow I'm almost dead with fear.
There is such *scrouging* and such *squeeging*,
The folks are all so disobliging;
And then the waggons, carts and drays
So clog up all these narrow ways,

What

What with the bustle and the throng,
I wonder how I got along.

Besides the walk is so *immense*—

Not that I grudge a coach expence,

But then it jumbles me to death,

—And I was always short of breath.

How can you live so far, my dear?

It's quite a journey to come here.

M R S. S C O T.

Lard! MA'M, I left it all to *Him*,

Husbands you know, will have their whim.

He took this house.—This house! this den.—

See but the temper of some men.

And I, forsooth, am hither hurl'd,

To live *quite out of all the world*.

Husband, indeed!

M R S. B R O W N.

Hift! lower, pray,

The child hears every word you say.

See how he looks—

M R S. S C O T.

Jacky, come here,

There's a good boy, look up, my dear,

'Twas not papa we talk'd about.

—Surely he cannot find it out.

M R S. B R O W N.

See how the urchin holds his hands.
 Upon my life he understands,
 —There's a sweet child, come, kiss me, come,
 Will *Jacky* have a sugar-plumb?

M R S. S C O T.

This Person, MADAM (call him so,
 And then the child will never know)
 From house to house would ramble out,
 And every night a drunken-bout.
 For at a tavern he will spend
 His twenty shillings with a friend.
 Your rabbits fricasseed and chicken,
 With curious choice of dainty picking,
 Each night got ready at the *Crown*,
 With port and punch to wash 'em down,
 Would scarcely serve this belly-glutton,
 Whilst we must starve on mutton, mutton.

M R S. B R O W N.

My good man, too—Lord bless us! Wives
 Are born to lead unhappy lives,
 Altho' his profits bring him clear
 Almost two hundred pounds a year,
 Keeps me of cash so short and bare,
 That *I have not a gown to wear*;

Except

Except my robe, and yellow sack,
 And this old lutestring on my back.
 — But we've no time, my dear, to waste,
 Come, where's your cardinal, make haste.
 The KING, God blefs his majesty, I say,
 Goes to the house of lords to-day,
 In a fine painted coach and eight,
 And rides along in all his state.
 And then the QUEEN—

M R S. S C O T.

Aye, aye, you know,
 Great folks can always make a show.
 But tell me, do — I've never seen
 Her present majesty, the QUEEN.

M R S. B R O W N.

Lard ! we've no time for talking now,
 Hark !—one—two—three—'tis *twelve* I vow.

M R S. S C O T.

KITTY, my things,—I'll soon have done,
 It's time enough, you know, at *one*.
 —Why, girl ! see how the creature stands !
 Some water here, to wash my hands.
 —Be quick—why fure the gipsy sleeps !
 —Look how the drawling daudle creeps.
 That bafon there—why don't you pour,
 Go on, I say—stop, stop—no more—

Lud !

Lud ! I could beat the huffey down,
 She's pour'd it all upon my gown.
 —Bring me my ruffles—can't not mind ?
 And pin my handkerchief behind.
 Sure thou hast aukwardness enough,
 Go—fetch my gloves, and fan, and muff.
 —Well, heav'n be prais'd—this work is done,
 I'm ready now, my dear—let's run.
 Girl,—put that bottle on the shelf,
 And bring me back the key yourself.

M R S. B R O W N.

That clouded silk becomes you much,
 I wonder how you meet with such,
 But you've a charming taste in dress.
 What might it cost you, Madam ?

M R S. S C O T.

Guess,

M R S. B R O W N.

Oh ! that's impossible—for I
 Am in the world the worst to buy.

M R S. S C O T.

I never love to bargain hard,
 Five shillings, as I think, a yard.
 —I was afraid it should be gone—
 'Twas what I'd set my heart upon,

M R S.

M R S. B R O W N.

Indeed you bargain'd with success,
 For its a most delightful dress.
 Besides, it fits you to a hair,
 And then 'tis flop'd with such an air.

M R S. S C O T.

I'm glad you think so,—*Kitty*, here,
 Bring me my cardinal, my dear.
Jacky, my love, nay don't you cry,
 Take *you* abroad!—indeed not I;
 For all the *Bugaboos* to fright ye—
 Besides, the naughty horse will bite ye;
 With such a mob about the street,
 Bless me, they'll tread you under feet.
 Whine as you please, I'll have no blame,
 You'd better blubber, than be lame.
 The more you cry, the less you'll —
 —Come, come then, give mamma a kiss,
KITTY, I say, here take the boy,
 And fetch him down the last new toy,
 Make him as merry as you can,
 —There, go to *KITTY*—there's a *man*.
 Call in the dog, and shut the door,
 Now, *MA'M*,

M R S. B R O W N.

Oh Lard !

MRS.

M R S. S C O T.

Pray go before,

M R S. B R O W N.

I can't indeed, now.

M R S. S C O T.

MADAM, pray.

M R S. B R O W N.

Well then, for once, I'll lead the way.

M R S. S C O T.

Lard ! what an uproar ! what a throng !
How shall we do to get along ?
What will become of us ?—look here,
Here's all the king's horse-guards, my dear.
Let us cross over—haste, be quick,
—Pray sir, take care—your horse will kick.
He'll kill his rider—he's so wild.
—I'm glad I did not bring the child.

M R S. B R O W N.

Don't be afraid, my dear, come on,
Why don't you see the guards are gone ?

M R S. S C O T.

Well, I begin to draw my breath ;
But I was almost scar'd to death.
For when a horse rears up and capers,
It always puts me in the vapours.

For

For as I live,—nay, don't you laugh,
I'd rather see a toad by half,
They kick and prance, and look so bold,
It makes my very blood run cold.
But let's go forward—come, be quick,
The crowd again grows vastly thick.

M R S. B R O W N.

Come you from *Palace-yard*, old dame?

O L D W O M A N.

Troth, do I, my young ladies, why?

M R S. B R O W N.

Was it much crouded when you came ?

M R S. S C O T.

And is his majesty gone by?

M R S. B R O W N.

Can we get in, old lady, pray
To see him robe himself to-day?

M R S. S C O T.

Can you direct us, dame?

O L D W O M A N.

Endeavour,

TROY could not stand a siege for ever.
By frequent trying, TROY was won,
All things, by trying, may be done.

MRS.

M R S. B R O W N.

Go thy ways, Proverbs—well—she's gone—
 Shall we turn back, or venture on?
 Look how the folks press on before,
 And throng impatient at the door.

M R S. S C O T.

Perdigious! I can hardly stand,
 Lord bless me, Mrs. BROWN, your hand;
 And you, my dear, take hold of hers,
 For we must stick as close as burrs,
 Or in this racket, noise and pother,
 We certainly shall lose each other.
 —Good God! my cardinal and sack
 Are almost torn from off my back.
 Lard, I shall faint—Oh Lud—my breast—
 I'm crush'd to atoms, I protest.
 God bless me—I have dropt my fan,
 —Pray did you see it, honest man?

M A N.

I, madam! no,—indeed, I fear
 You'll meet with some misfortune here.
 —Stand back, I say—pray, sir, forbear—
 Why, don't you see the ladies there?
 Put yourselves under my direction,
 Ladies, I'll be your safe protection.

M R S.

M R S. S C O T.

You're very kind, fir ; truly few
 Are half so complaisant as you.
 We shall be glad at any day
 This obligation to repay,
 And you'll be always sure to meet
 A welcome, fir, in — Lard ! the street
 Bears such a name, I can't tell how
 To tell him where I live, I vow.
 —Mercy ! what's all this noise and stir ?
 Pray is the KING a coming, fir ?

M A N.

No—don't you hear the people shout ?
 'Tis Mr. PITT, just *going out*.

M R S. B R O W N.

Aye, there he goes, pray heav'n bless him !
 Well may the people all care for him.
 —Lord, how my husband us'd to sit,
 And drink success to honest PITT,
 And happy o'er his evening cheer,
 Cry, you shall pledge this toast, my dear.

M A N.

Hist—silence—don't you hear the drumming ?
 Now, ladies, now, the KING's a coming.
 There, don't you see the guards approach ?

M R S.

M R S. B R O W N.

Which is the King?

M R S. S C O T.

Which is the coach?

S C O T C H M A N.

Which is the noble EARL OF BUTE,
Geud-faith, I'll *gi* him a salute.

For he's the *Laird of aw our clan*,
Troth, he's a *bonny muckle man*.

M A N.

Here comes the Coach, so very flow
As if it ne'er was made to go,
In all the gingerbread of state,
And staggering under its own weight.

M R S. S C O T.

Upon my word, its *monstrous* fine !
Would half the gold upon't were mine !
How gaudy all the gilding shews !
It puts *one's* eyes out as it goes.
What a rich glare of various hues,
What shining yellows, scarlets, blues !
It must have cost a heavy price ;
'Tis like a mountain drawn by mice.

M R S. B R O W N.

So painted, gilded, and so large,
Bless me ! 'tis like my lord mayor's barge.

And

And so it is—look how it reels !
 'Tis nothing else—a barge on wheels.

M A N.

Large ! it can't pass St. *James's* gate,
 So big the coach, the arch so strait.
 It might be made to rumble thro'
 And pass as other coaches do.
 Could they a *body-coachman* get
 So most preposterously fit,
 Who'd undertake (and no rare thing)
 Without a *head*, to drive the king.

M R S. S C O T.

Lard ! what are those two ugly things
 There—with their hands upon the springs,
 Filthy, as ever eyes beheld,
 With naked breasts, and faces swell'd ?
 What could the saucy maker mean,
 To put such things to fright the *QUEEN* ?

M A N.

Oh ! they are Gods, Ma'm, which you see,
 Of the *Marine Society*.
Tritons, which in the ocean dwell,
 And only rise to blow their shell.

M R S. S C O T.

Gods, d'ye call those filthy men ?
 Why don't they go to sea again ?

Pray, tell me, fir, you understand,
What do these *Tritons* do on land ?

M R S. B R O W N.

And what are they ? those hindmost things,
Men, fish and birds, with flesh, scales, wings ?

M A N.

Oh, they are Gods too, like the others,
All of one family and brothers,
Creatures, which seldom come a-shore,
Nor seen about the King before.
For *Show*, they wear the *yellow Hue*,
Their *proper* colour is *True-blue*.

M R S. S C O T.

Lord bless us ! what's this noise about ?
Lord, what a tumult and a rout !
How the folks holla, hiss, and hoot !
Well — Heav'n preserve the EARL OF BUTE !
I cannot stay, indeed, not I,
If there's a riot I shall die.
Let's make for any house we can,
Do — give us shelter, honest man.

M R S. B R O W N.

I wonder'd where you was, my dear,
I thought I should have died with fear.
This noise and racketing and hurry
Has put my nerves in such a flurry !

I could

I could not think where you was got,
I thought I'd lost you, Mrs. *Scot*;
Where's Mrs. *Tape*, and Mr. *Grin*?
Lard, I'm so glad we're all got in.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

(291)

I could not do it, when I was
I thought it was good
When I was in the
I was in the

END OF THE

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